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THE ILLUSION OF ANARCHISM.

By DORA MARSDEN.

A NARCHISTS are an interesting body of people whom governments take too seriously and who, unfortunately, do not take themselves seriously enough. Governments fear them as hostile, bent on mischief: whereas they are harmless, after the disconcerting harmless manner of infants. For the People indeed: for Humanity, they conceive themselves filled with an ardent passion: but towards the ways of humans—when they, as men, emerge from out the blurred composite mass of "Humanity"—they are averse in the thorough-going implacable way possible only to people who frame their dislikes on principle. Doubtless, if one were to search the world over for the bitterest-sounding opponents of the theory that we are all "born in sin" with our natural bent inherently set towards "evil," one would fix upon the anarchists: but this is their idiosyncrasy: a foil to contrast with their main tenets. Their opposition penetrates no deeper than a dislike for the phrase, because perhaps more commonplace persons than themselves have espoused it. In substance it forms the body of anarchism, and anarchists are not separated in any way from kinship with the devout. They belong to the Christians' Church and should be recognised as Christianity's picked children. Only quality distinguishes them from the orthodox: a distinction in which the advantage is theirs. As priests administering the sacraments they would not be ill-placed.

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At the birth of every unit of life, there is ushered into existence—an Archist. An Archist is one who seeks to establish, maintain, and protect by the strongest weapons at his disposal, the law of his own interests; while the purpose of every church—institutions all teaching anarchism as the correct spirit in conduct—is to make men willing to assert, that though they are born and inclined archists, they OUGHT to be anarchists. This is the true mean-

ing of the spirit of renunciation—the rock on which the Church is built. The "OUGHT" represents the installation of Conscience, that inner spiritual police set in authority by the will and the skill of the preacher. Its business is to bind the Archistic desires which would maintain and press further their own purposes in favour of the purposes of whomsoever the preacher pleases: God: or Right: or the People: or the Anointed: or those set in Office. Whether the preacher or the individual's desires will prevail will pivot about the strength of the man's individual vitality. If the man is alive, his own interests are alive, and their importance stands to him with an intense assertiveness which corresponds with the level of his own vitality, of which the strength of his own interests alone can provide a sure index. Being alive, the first living instinct is to intensify the consciousness of life, and pressing an interest is just this process of intensifying consciousness. All growing life-forms are aggressive: "aggressive" is what growing means. Each fights for its own place, and to enlarge it, and enlarging it is growth. And because life-forms are gregarious there are myriads of claims to lay exclusive hold upon any place. The claimants are myriad: bird, beast, plant, insect, vermin—each will assert its own sole claim on any place as long as it is permitted: as witness the pugnacity of gnat, weed, and flea: the scant ceremony of the housewife's broom, the axe which makes a clearing, the scythe, the fisherman's net, the slaughter-house bludgeon: all assertions of aggressive interests promptly countered by more powerful interests! The world falls to him who can take it, if instinctive action can tell us anything.

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It is into this colossal encounter of interests, i.e., of lives, that the anarchist breaks in with his "Thus far and no farther. Lower interests may be vetoed without question, or with a regretful sigh, but MAN

must be immune. MAN as MAN must be protected: his Manhood is his shield: to immunity his Manhood creates and confers his Right. The lower creation stands and falls by its might or lack of it: but Manhood confers a protection of its own." Who guarantees the protection? "The conscience of him who can infringe it. If that fails, then the outraged consciences of other men, jealous for the dignity of 'Man.' Such an one as does not hold in awe the Rights of Man, who does not bow down to the worth of Man as Man, and not merely as a living being, and hold it Sacred and Holy, he shall be held to be not of the community of Man but a monster preying upon the human fold, fit only to be flung out, and to foregather with his familiars—wolves and strange monsters." That is the creed of an Anarchist, whose other name is "Humanitarian." His creed explains why he loves humanity but disapproves of men whose ways please him not. For men do not act after the anarchistic fashion one towards another. They are friendly and affectionate animals in the main: but interests are as imperative with them as with the tiger and the ape, and they press them forward, deterred only by the calculation of the hostility they may arouse by disturbing the interests which they cross, as cross they must, since by extending the tentacles of interest is their way of growth. That this is so would be plainer to see if men had single interests (as some men have, and then it is all plain enough). But men have many, and what might be expected to be a straight course is a zigzag line. And interests lead not only by way of oppositions: by wrestling for possessions: in love, for instance, they lead to a seeming commingling of interest. It is only seeming: the love interest is as archistic as any other. Into this stimulating clash of powers the anarchist introduces his "law" of "the inviolability of individual liberty." "It is feasible to push," he would say, "the line of satisfaction of men's wants—since being born into life and sin they will not wholly renounce them—but only to the lengths where it can be squared with the wants of everyone else. Such wants will work out perhaps, and probably merely to the satisfaction of certain elementary needs: of earth-room, of sustenance and clothing: a title to which are the indefeasible Rights of Man. Only when these have been assumed to all may the interests of any be pushed further. To wealth, according to his necessities, each has a right; in return each must serve as he can." It must be acknowledged that it is a creed which lends itself exceeding well to eloquence carrying the correct noble ring with it; it makes converts increasingly; and when it wears thin in one garb it readily rehabilitates itself in changed raiment; as Christianity, as Humanitarianism, anarchism successfully and continually seduces Public Opinion.

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Why it should have no difficulty in drawing Public Opinion to its side the nature of Public Opinion makes evident. Public Opinion intrinsically is—bellowing. It is the Guardian of the *Status quo*: its purpose is to frighten off any invader who would disturb established interests: it is always, in its first stage, on the side of good faith, the maintenance of contracts, and fixed arrangements: it is like a watch-dog barking at all new-comers, be these friendly or hostile. Its bark is worse than its bite, however, and flouted or ignored, it will always arrive at a temporary halt. The halt is to gain time to see what measure of strength the disturbing force has. Public Opinion, it is to be noted, is the affair of non-combatants, and is supposed, therefore, to be also Disinterested Opinion. Which does not in any way follow. Public Opinion is in fact the calculation of the self-interest of non-combatants. Its primary and involuntary bellowing function is its first instinct with intent to warn off disturbers: but if the aggressor perseveres unmoved and proves to be more powerful than the member of the settled order whom he is attacking, Public Opinion, *i.e.*, the interests of the non-fighters, gets ready to come to terms. It gets ready to live at ease with a force which apparently has come to stay. It has poised the merits of the two claimants: and peace—the maintenance of the *Status quo*—first weighted

the side of the defenders: but the aggressor having won success, success becomes his defence, and proves an adequate makeweight. Which is why success succeeds. It is easy to defend the defensive side: to hold him "in the right" at the outset: the defensive is the defensible: it would have been difficult to do otherwise: since to defend the aggressor is an anomaly in terms: the aggressor can only be "justified": and only success can justify him. But let the aggressor fail, and for Public Opinion he at once appears diabolical. For instance, if Germany is successful now, the German Emperor will command the admiration of the world, and will get it. Should Germany lose there will be none so poor as to pay him reverence. His reputation, as far as Public Opinion goes now, lies in the womb of time: a matter of accidental forces more or less. The heinous offence for which the world will hold him a demoniacal monster is—a miscalculated judgment; that which will make him the Hero of his Age—its Master—will be just—a verified judgment. Which explains why a good fight will justify any cause: a good fight being one which is aggressive and WINS. Thus forces, on any pretext whatsoever, having been mustered for a test, the question of public repute will pivot about a nice estimation of the strength of those forces. Execration is not meted out to the despoilers of art treasures as such—only if the despoiler likewise shows signs of being the vanquished. Louvain will be a trifle, regrettable but necessary, if the German hosts are victorious. So contrariwise: any schoolboy may lightly hold the reputation of Napoleon as to "Right" at his caprice—*because of Waterloo*. It is Waterloo which separates Napoleon from Alexander and Julius Cæsar: not the bloodstained plains of Europe; as it is Naseby and Marston Moor which pales the memory of Wexford and Drogheda, and makes Cromwell a Kingly Hero instead of a villainous knave and murderous assassin. On like counts, too, was George Washington a Hero and "right," while President Kruger was a scheming seditionist, and "wrong."

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Public Opinion, therefore, is nothing more than a loose form of alliance founded among non-principals, based on a momentarily felt community of interests on the defensive. The initial shock of invasion having been parried, the passage of time, and especially the course of events, will begin to make clear to what extent this first apparent community of interest with the defensive was due to mere alarm, and how far it represented something more permanent. Moreover, in the account of the development of Public Opinion it is to be recognised that the very dash and daring and picturesqueness of the aggressive may actually give birth to an interest in which the non-combatants will find themselves involved by sheer fascination: to such an extent even it may be that to be permitted to share in the general risk of the fight will appear a high privilege. A great aggressor will find he can always count on this. The conquerors have been the well-beloved. Napoleon had the adoration of the men whose lives he was "wasting." They would have called it a glorious opportunity enabling them to spend themselves lavishly with a correspondingly lavish return in pleasure. It is indeed a most ludicrous error to assume that interests are all "material." There are interests that are of pleasure, interests of spiritual expansion, interests of heightened status, quite as compelling as those of material profit; it is indeed doubtful, even among the meaner sort, whether the "material" interests have so strong a pull as the others. Moreover, *kinds* of interests are very unstable, and will develop from one form to another with extreme rapidity under the influence of threat or challenge. So, at the appearance of a great personality who can give body to more spacious interests, even the most intimate interests—those of nationality and kinship—will suffer a sea-change:—

"If my children want, let them beg for bread,
My Emperor, my Emperor is taken."

There is bespoken the influence of one Emperor: a second has welded spirited, jealous and antagonistic

States—even indeed the younger generations of the subdued provinces into a homogeneous unit under the influence of a fantastically adventurous yet living dream. By interests of a different sort England soothed Scotland into unanimity as she is engaged in soothing the Dutch in South Africa. Other interests—those of status and prestige—are the forces which have won for England at this present moment the loose alliance which is implied in a friendly American Opinion. That Americans share a common language and in a measure all the prestige of the English tradition, literary and military, implicates the status of Americans with the maintenance of British Status: they would have hated England readily enough had she given indication just now that she was on the point of lowering it.

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At the present time, it is true, England is blushing with the embarrassment of the unfamiliar, by allowing a parrot-like press and pulpit to persuade the world that she is now a disinterested fighter in a great and holy Cause. She appears to be beginning to feel herself infected with the preacher's own liquid emotions as she listens how she is going forth—not for her own sake but—TO RIGHT THE WRONG, to avenge the weak, to champion civilisation, to suppress the Vandal and the Hun, a Bayard, a Galahad, the Armed Messenger of Peace, waging a spiritual warfare. There is one consolation indeed—the "Tommies" are too far off, and too busy to hear any of it. And there is this excuse for the preachers: that they have looked round carefully and have not yet set eyes on any of those likely and tempting bits of territory which hitherto have always been hanging as bait when England has gone to war: it hasn't occurred to them that this war, far from requiring excuse in poetic babble, was necessary to save England's soul from the devastating unconfidence bred in these years of peace. To please their souls let them call it a spiritual war: at any rate it answers a spiritual need, and in the nick of time: Englishman's need, not Belgium's, or culture's, or civilisation's, democracy's, and the rest. Twenty years hence the conflict probably would have been too late; as it now seems likely to prove twenty years too soon for Germany. The cause of the war is German disparagement of English spirit: both as to its fire and its intelligence. The Germans believed that, average for average, they were better quality: that English prestige was an anachronism, an heritage already sunk to a relic bequeathed from a spiritual past, from whose strength modern England has fallen off: that the nation was devitalised, and as interests can only be held in proportion to the vitality of those who forward them, they could be torn away if seriously challenged by their naturally ordained successors. And they had plenty of evidence to support them. The spiritual fire glows out not merely in one direction: it is all-pervading: and German philosophy, German Science, German inventiveness, energy, daring, and pushfulness, provided evidence which all the world might see and compare. By that comparison, Germans had convinced themselves, and were convincing the world—and us. They were undermining English confidence, not by their boasts but by their deeds: and naturally, if they excelled in the arts of peace why not in the art of war, where prestige registers an accurate level? They were wearing down our spiritual resilience: the subtle thing of the spirit which, once lost, is never recaptured. A people which feels this subtle thing departing from it will strike instantly for its preservation, or know itself lost before a blow has been struck. It has seemed a puzzle, and to none more than to England herself, why she has suddenly found herself in such abnormally good odour. It is an unusual situation for her—in these latter days. The explanation is the promptness—haste almost—with which she entered into the war. It was because she seized the first suggestion of an opportunity to vindicate herself, that she instantly stood up—vindicated, rehabilitated with the respect that had in latter days been given her with a questioning grudge. Had she hesitated it would have been the sufficing sign of weakness, of the insensitive lack of pride which the world was more than

half expecting, and was more than a little shocked not to find. The "friendliness" of which she has been the recipient since is the outcome. The explanation applies as much to feeling within the limits of the Empire and to malcontents at home, as in the world outside. And the result immediately to follow, one can safely trust, will be equally in her favour: that is, the brilliant vindication of British spirit on the seas and the battlefields will speedily have a counterpart in British laboratories: in renewed and confident strength of spirit in English philosophy, literature and art (where it is needed, God wot!). Confidence, which dare look at plain fact without latent undermining fear, confidence and deeply stirred emotions are the materials which inspire a new spirit in the Arts. After the war, because of the war—the Renaissance!

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So, to return to our anarchists, embargoists, humanitarians, culturists, christians, and any other brand of verbalists: the world is to the Archists: it is a bundle of interests, and falls to those who can push their own furthest. The sweep of each interest is the vital index of him who presses it. And interests have this in common: the richness of the fruit they bear grows as they push outwards: the passions they excite are then stronger; the images called up—the throb, the colour, vividness—intenser. For this, a man has the evidence of his fellows to add to the weight of his own: men will even desert their own greyer interests: greyer because less matured: when lured by the fascinating vividness of another's interests far-thrown: the great lord can always count on having doorkeepers in abundance. To keep the door has become their primary interest: because so, they live in the vicinity of a bright-glowing strength. Neglect to analyse the meaning of friendly Public Opinion has misled anarchists as to its real nature and as to what attitudes towards their fellows, men can be persuaded to adopt. Combination of interests against a powerful aggressive interest, which is the first stage of Public Opinion, is a momentary affair, intended to parry the attack of a force which is feared because its strength is unknown. The reverse side to this temporary hostility of Public Opinion towards the aggressor is the favourable acceptance of the doctrine of non-pushfulness: of anarchism proper. But the friendliness is as shortlived as the hostility: since fear of the unknown is not a permanent feature of the public temper: rather is an accommodating adjustment to strong forces emerging out of the unknown, its permanent characteristic. Friendliness to, and admiration for, strong interests is the permanent attitude of this world's children: only varied by some direct antagonism born of an opposition to one's own particular personal and private interest. Hence the reason why anarchism—embargoism in all its many forms—never penetrates more than skin deep. It is always encouraged by great promise of adherents: always it finds itself abandoned by men in earnest with their powers about them: always the world is for the Archists, who disperse and establish "States" according as their powers enable them.

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So, opposition to the "State" because it is the "State" is futile: a negative, unending fruitless labour. "What I want is *my* state: if I am not able to establish that, it is not my concern *whose* State is established: *my* business was and still remains the establishing of *my* own. The world should be moulded to my desire if I could so mould it: failing in that, I am not to imagine that there is to be no world at all: others more powerful than I will see to that. If I do make such an error it will fall to me to correct it and pay for it." Thus the Archist. When the curtain rings down on one State automatically it rises upon another. "The State is fallen, long live the State"—the furthest-going revolutionary anarchist cannot get away from that. On the morrow of his successful revolution he would need to set about finding means to protect his "anarchistic" notions: and would find himself protecting his own interests with all the powers he could command, like a

vulgar Archist: formulating his Laws and maintaining his State, until some franker Archist arrived to displace and supersede him.

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The process seems so obvious, and the sequence is so unfailing, that one wonders how the humanitarian fallacies gain the hearing they do, though the wonder diminishes when one reflects how the major proportion of the human species holds it a just grievance that we walk upon our feet and not upon our heads, and that the tendency of falling objects is down and not up. According, one might argue, it is *because* it is the human way for men to push their interests outwards that humanitarians step forward and modestly suggest that they should direct them backwards. Object that outwards is the human way and the retort is that inwards is the divine one—and better, higher. And there may be something too in a customary confusing of an attitude which refuses to hold laws and interests sacred (*i.e.*, whole, unquestioned, untouched), and that which refuses to respect the existence of forces, of which Laws are merely the outward visible index. It is a very general error, but the anarchist is especially the victim of it; the greater intelligence of the Archist will understand that though laws considered as sacred are foolishness, respect to any and every law is due for just the amount of retaliatory force there may be involved in it if it be flouted. Respect for "sanctity" and respect for "power" stand at opposite poles: the respecter of the one is the verbalist, of the other—the Archist: the egoist.

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And there are the illusions about the ways of love: where one seems to desire not one's own interests but another's. Again it is mere seeming: the lover is a tyrant kept within bounds by the salutary fear that the substance of his desire will slip from his grasp: whereas his paramount interest is to retain his hold on it. The "exploitation" is nevertheless as sure and as certain as that of the sorriest old rascal who ever coined wealth out of misery. Mother-love, sex-love, with friendship even, it is one and the same.

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But whatever may be the illusions which lead him on, the anarchist's hopes are vain. Water will take to running uphill before men take seriously towards anarchism and humanitarianism. The forces of their being are set the other way. The will to create, to construct, to set the pattern of their will on the world of events will never be restrained by any spiritual embargo, save with those whose will would count for little anyway. There is some substance, indeed, in the old market-place cry about levelling "down" instead of "up." The embargoists, the anarchists, and all the saviours, are bent on levelling-down: they are worrying about the few desiring too much: whereas none can desire enough. The "problems" of the world—which are no problems—will be solved by the "down-and-outs" themselves: by a self-assertion which will scatter their present all too apparent anarchism. When it becomes clear to them that it is only seemly to want the earth, they will feel the stirrings of a power sufficient at least for the acquisition of a few acres.

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

WHY we English fight: Lord Rosebery: "To maintain the sanctity of international law in Europe."

The international law presumably "should be" immutable and eternal: that, at least, is what the noble lord means to fob off on the encouragingly woolly minds of his hearers. He would not waste the time—or his opportunity—to add that the present international law of Europe is in the English favour: or that the Germans fight precisely to change the international law of Europe into *their* favour. Whereafter they, too, would fight to maintain, immutable and eternal, the sanctity of the international law of Europe. Law remains such an excellent conjuring property with the crowd: "Mumbo-jumbo, Law and Mesopotamia" can always be relied upon to work all the tricks, and cloak all the spoo. It will only be after the "Enlightenment" which is to follow the war that one will be able to make the purple-faced indignant realise that "laws" are merely incidentals: dependent in all their variety and change upon the fortunes of the interests of which they are mere indices: that their "sanctity" depends solely on the might of these interests to keep them *sanctus, holy, i.e.*, "unbroken." The "maintenance of the sanctity of the (present) international law of Europe" happens to be *our interest*, and whether it remains sacred or not depends upon the power which we hurl against the power of those whose interests would encourage to its violation. The "good" odour of "good faith" is due to the status of those among whom its exercise may be gracious and yet lordly. "Good faith" is in fact the *panache* of the topmost rider: it is a proud convention among those who can afford it. "Bad faith" is the necessity of the next to the topmost. It is not a grace or an ornament: it is a weapon: it, too, is limited to those who can afford it. Good faith, in short, is in place when evinced towards equals and inferiors: it is a gracious bounty flowing downward from those above: that is why the heart warms towards it: bad faith is in place evidenced towards such as are above, but who are about to be forced below. Its use constitutes the first line of attack of the malcontent, and it is feared and hated by those who stand high because it is formidable: those highest in status will see to it that bad faith carries a bad name. The violation of Belgium was not, in its essentials, bad faith towards Belgium: its intent was to break faith with France,

Russia, and Britain. Why not tell true things to the people, oh noble Earl!

* * * *

And next the issue is balanced as between "autocracy and democracy." What an orgy of empty word-slinging for the unthinking scribblers and sabbath orators! How seductive are these catch-phrases which paralyse the mind! If one were an autocrat with the powers of our Ally, the great Autocrat of all the Russians, how one could gratify a fiendish lust. All the popular writers might be put into the pillory and twelve keen wits turned loose on them to prick them with questions about the words they use. To have so much power and to miss so exquisite an opportunity argues lack of imagination in our great friend, the Autocrat. The championing of democracy against autocracy forsooth! What's a democrat? And what is an autocrat? A democrat is one who is ruled by everybody, every Jack's subject. An autocrat has at least the dignity of pretending to rule himself: how many more he rules is at least not his concern, but the concern of those who fail to do likewise: democrats and alienally governed of all sorts. Of course there is the tag about democracy and "the will of the people," but, unfortunately, it won't fit in here, at this crisis. Because, judging of the two sides engaged in this war, the one which was animated by the will of its people happens to be the German one. It is provoking, no doubt, but it is true. For many years the Kaiser's people have concurred in, co-operated with, and sacrificed for, the propagandising of the notion of this war; whereas, in England, the war was arranged by a mere handful: its announcement left the majority of Englishmen gasping for words. No, "democracy versus autocracy," won't do on this seam: you must acquire more sense and have fewer stereotyped phrases, mes amis!

* * * *

A. G. G. in the "Daily News" reflects musingly how a disaster makes evident that all things tend for their solution towards Communism, and in a Communistic anarchist journal—"Freedom," P. K. discourses triumphantly on precisely the same subject. He says that prophetic anarchist dogma, in contrast to the bourgeois economist teaching of "To everyone according to his services," has been all these years "To each according

to his needs," and that at long last Time has given verdict in the Communist favour. He illustrates by quotation thus:—

"Let any great city be visited to-morrow by a calamity—a siege, or the like—and you will see that immediately the Communist idea will come to affirm itself in life. The question of 'bread,' of food for all, will impose itself upon the community, while the question as to the remuneration of the services rendered by this or that member of society will be thrust into the background. Every one's needs will be every one's right to his share in the common store of available food."

He comments:—

"Now, Western Europe is living through a period of calamity, and we see how the idea of Communist kitchens is rapidly spreading everywhere, as a first small step towards a Communistic conception of organisation."

He winds up with:—

"Many comrades are quite right in seeing in such kitchens the means to prove to the working men that in constructive work Anarchists can be *practical*, and even more so than those who pretend to be practical, simply because the latter stifle every revolutionary thought. A good propaganda of the Communist idea is already being made by this supply of food, and the communalisation of housing and clothing may follow very soon,"

which shows how even anarchists when they can will work up the speed for their hobbies. Well: to smooth the crease from A. G. G.'s puzzled brow, and to slacken Prince Kropotkin's Communistic pace (if the writer of the "Freedom" leader be indeed that ardent anarchist). The first thing to note about all this evidence flattering to Collectivity provided by disaster, is that it is provided by disaster. Circumstances are not ordinary, fear is all around, and under the influence of fear, it will be noticed all animals, from highest to lowest, tend to herd. During a thunderstorm the lady newly-settled in the house across the way—a stranger—presents herself on my doorstep and literally shoves her way in. She is afraid of thunder—that is all—but sufficient apparently completely to reverse her normal conduct, and there is no need to pucker one's brow and foresee the necessity of creating a brand-new social polity because of it.

To herd is the normal defensive instinct: Communism is defensive—the social impulse which seizes on individuals affected by fear. The impulse passes with the passing of the exceptional danger. As far as present measures give evidence, the observation will not need emphasising that the activity of the collectivist direction has lent itself almost exclusively to restrictions. The purpose of the moratorium, for instance, was to prevent individuals pressing for payments; again, a measure to prevent them offering produce for sale at prices beyond a certain figure; or, one may not pass a sentry without replying to his challenge. The collective Government has tabulated very many things which may not be done: it has had practically nothing to say about what one may do, beyond giving generous advice to get about one's own business, and not expect too much from it, even in the way of restrictions. What the situation amounts to is this: we are all lying low because faced with a common danger, the danger to trade, and means of livelihood, being as common to employers, and those called "independent," as much as to "workers." Like outdoor life before a storm, all have taken to shelter. It is not an active time: "Nothing doing" is the commonest phrase that is going.

Adventure has been paralysed by fear and its consequences. Even Amundsen has abandoned his trip to the Pole, one hears. Things are shaky enough: the financial measures taken by the Government are to prevent them from being made worse by panic. These measures represent no triumph of the human spirit: they are the make-shifts of the moment, made use of, *faute de mieux*. Nothing worth while is ever done under the influence of fear: the best to which energy can aspire in such cir-

cumstances is to keep things from becoming precipitate while awaiting a more favourable period. Achievement means adventure, and adventure needs confidence: at present things are paralysed, more or less. When the first shock has passed off we shall begin to sally forth again like insects after rain, units, each bent on prosecuting his individual ambitions. Communists should not allow the fact that people have appeared to enjoy the little communist interlude to blind them to the actual origin of that enjoyment: it was not the communistic measures, whether in the form of communist kitchens, or otherwise (there are communist kitchens in every prison and workhouse which do not appear to be very exhilarating affairs) but the pleasure of excitement at the prospect of change: it was the outcome of the excitement, and not of the kitchens, though in their huggermugger moments, when tired and worried, they would doubtless allow that such kitchens were a boon indeed. At heart men are all children: not "statesmen." Life is for fun. Only when we are thoroughly brow-beaten by the solemnities do we seriously affect that it is otherwise.

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Lord Curzon was confiding to an astonished audience the other evening that never in the history of the Empire had such a condition of opinion as existed at present, been witnessed: that there existed no dissentient voice.

"None is for a party, but all are for the State," he told them. He meant, of course, that the old orthodox parties' lights were for the moment burning dim. It would be a pity for him to delude himself into thinking, or to encourage others to delude themselves that men can ever cease to be "for" Party No. 1. For, while men are pleased just now to be "for" the State, it would be folly to imagine that the State is "for" us. The State is for itself—the assignments of its body-corporate are for those of its members whose powers keep it stable: that is, which give it its meaning as "The State." To consider that we are all respected members of the body is to run in face of the evidence. For instance, the State is now spending for its own preservation, with "our" tacit consent, and out of "our" money, of course, a sum varying from a million sterling per day, upwards. Incidentally, it is relying for its vital needs upon an unlimited proffering of the very lives of individuals from among its non-respected members. Yet the circulation system of this enterprising *corpus* is so defective that it would turn a century of ways before consenting to devote a few paltry millions to an indemnification of the most elementary character of the dependents of those whose lives it is freely using. The life-blood flows very easily to the head of this *corpus*: it is very sluggish in flowing back to replenish, in any measure, the depleted members. This is the inevitable fashion of these vast "bodies-corporate," and the wise among the non-respected members will recognise this well in advance, and, while drawing from the "great body" what pleasure they are able, they will prepare to look to themselves for all that is vital to them. They will not be deluded by verbal expressions of Love and Recognising Approval, extracted from the "great body" while it was in need of them, and while they were meditating giving up their all in its service. The characteristic which has developed into a consummate art with "corporate-bodies," is a fine forgetfulness of its non-powerful servers.

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A note on some correspondence in the last issue of THE EGOIST.—A correspondent protests against the validity of recognition of "classes," and says "For the true egoist there are no classes." He might just as well say there are no orange-boxes or pigeon-holes, or deny that there exists any system of nomenclature and identification. Classification is an inevitable proceeding with the potentiality of vast usefulness: a thing is "classed," for instance, merely by naming it, which process places it under a certain recognised division—an obviously necessary proceeding in a multiple world. Classification has fallen into contempt because of bad classifying, i.e., making one certain feature the classify-

ing criterion, and then proceeding to swear that all things coming under the division are possessed of a thousand and one features which were never indicated or intended in the grouping of the class. If, for instance, one were to make a "class" of "men acceptable for service" out of all able-bodied males of ages ranging from 18 to 30, and then were to proceed to press in for active service all the old women and children because these latter speak English, as do the able-bodied men aforementioned, one would get a partial hang of the trick which has made "classification" a suspected mental activity. "One-eyed" men is a sound classification: the nature of the odious process which has brought classing into contempt is that which would insinuate into the class the assumption that "they are all therefore treacherously inclined." So: the classification of wage-earners is as sound as that of "apples" or "one-eyed men": it brings under a division all such as work for an arbitrary return upon enterprises for whose initiation and direction the responsibility has been assumed by others prior to their engagement on them. The descriptive-label of "defective initiative" attached to wage-earners is as pertinent and essential to their designation as the description of a certain kind of fruit is to the designation of the class "Apple." In short: a wage-earner is one who labours on a job not initiated by himself. The remark of the correspondent to the effect that a particular wage-earner shows initiative by entering the correspondence columns of this paper, while it may be true, is yet wholly beside the point. The defective initiative implied in the classification of wage-earner extends no further than the area of his activity of wage-earning: which is quite sufficient to make clear the fact we intended to make clear, *i.e.*, the difference of status—of class—between an "employer" and those whom he "employs."

D. M.

FIGHTING PARIS.

AUGUST 5.—Some of the newspapers this morning announce that England has declared war on Germany, others that Germany has declared war on England. Whose is the "Great Illusion" now? The *Echo de Paris* publishes a fine commentary by M. Maurice Barrès on the speech pronounced by M. Viviani (Minister of Foreign Affairs) at the Chamber yesterday where he describes the events which have given rise to the present situation. "This war," he writes, "will bring about a resurrection. Let us turn to the men to whom we owe it. I am thinking of the men I know and whom I have constantly esteemed. Yet, neither I nor others have always understood their grey, monotonous lives. For these August days of 1914 they have sacrificed thirty, forty years—a whole life's activity. This moment when, surrounded by their trusting men, they protect our frontiers . . . is their reward." For at last the turn of the military has come after long periods of neglect or most tepid popularity. But a few weeks ago the army pleaded for better recognition—always obstinately refused by the Government—and better support in its efforts. Yesterday, as we sat at a café opposite the Ecole Militaire, we were struck with the changed appearance of the officers going to and fro, their confident step, their serene though earnest expressions. The French officer is, usually, an attractive man, extremely intelligent and cultivated (his examinations are of the most arduous), of a fine rectitude, sober in his conduct, modest, and who, if he were given better chances instead of being literally crushed as he has been within recent years, would never acquire that *morgue* and haughtiness which characterises the military element in countries where it is more predominant. A quest after supplies this morning showed that meat is still to be had at the usual prices, but that butter is more difficult to procure. An afternoon paper confirms England's declaration of war on Germany and announces fighting in Belgium. A poor German woman living in Paris has committed suicide by throwing herself out of a window. The sun sets in hot flames this evening. At noon there was a thunderstorm. Each day or night since the mobilisation it has rained sufficiently to temper

the atmosphere. To-night as I look at the sky laden with stars I wonder how they can continue to shine, how the sky can continue its even life with men a few hours away annihilating each other. And all nature continues serene, indifferent and at peace. As the night advances the sky becomes sinister, cold, moonlit, streaked with ragged, fast-travelling clouds: the sky in a battle-picture. H. S. C. had his service boots hobbled according to orders to-day.

OBSERVATIONS.—War not only consists in fighting. It is not only soldiers, guns, bombs. It means war everywhere, individually and collectively, within and without. We hear lonely trains whistle sadly by (the whistle sounds different to what it does at other times) and as each passes the rumour of cheers reaches us. At seven o'clock I heard a drum and a bell. On inquiry I find the town-crier announces that the Belgian Minister requests all mobilisable Belgians to return to their country without delay. In one of the recent papers we read the Tsar advised Russians living in France to join the French ranks as thus they would serve their own country quite as well as by returning home—an impossibility at present. Foreigners in Paris are organising volunteer troops—the British, Greeks, Italians, etc. A group of Germans announced that, being disgusted with their country, they would be ready to fight on the French side. But New Zealanders, Canadians who have never set foot on English soil, are ready to cross Oceans to come to the Mother Country's assistance.

AUGUST 6.—Not much news in the morning paper. The rule that no war news may be published except such as is supplied by the Ministère de la Guerre and that no paper may appear until the War Office has revised the final proof, moreover that no street-cries will be allowed, was received with applause at the Chamber of Deputies, and notably from the press gallery, the day before yesterday. Another article by M. Maurice Barrès in the *Echo de Paris*. Out for provisions. The only people you see in the streets are very old men, or very young ones or women, or officers in motors and soldiers leading horses or driving waggons. No butter to be had but I find cream-cheese, gruyère and meat at the usual prices. Coffee has run out in this locality but some was found for us in the neighbourhood. We were occupied with house-work this morning, being without assistance, and H. S. C. set order in his papers, books and drawings. Rather a painful task, and it is sad to see all the work begun and plans for future work. Bought a *papier timbré* for a legal document. At the post office notices inform the public that no money orders are received for Belgium, no letters, telegrams or money orders for Germany, Austria and dependent countries, that all telegrams including inland must be written in plain, unambiguous language and in French or English only and that their delivery is not assured. Met Mme. R. whose husband, an officer, is at Troyes, and her son, a soldier, at Chartres, each with his regiment, waiting to advance. In the afternoon to Paris to Dr. C.'s who is organising employment for the "unmobilisable," that is, women, and men who are "reformed" (*i.e.*, exempt from service by the medical examination); and then to Mlle. O'B.'s the Polish painter. Find her in distress at having to leave Paris by police order for some concentration-camp in the South as she is of Austrian citizenship. This is very unjust as the French are not yet at war with Austria, the Austrian Ambassador being still in Paris and the French one in Vienna. She says her *femme de ménage* has refused to continue to serve her. Mlle. B.'s mother was French and she belongs to all the leading French Art societies. Thence to an address which has been given us where classes are held in first aid to the wounded. The influx of candidates here is enormous. Women are practising bandage-making in the passages, on the stair case, on the balconies. While passing the church of Saint François Xavier we saw many hundreds of soldiers forming a compact blue mass (for their red caps were hidden under blue coverings) and horses waiting to be inspected. In the North East, whence they are doubtless bound, things are stirring, the Germans being, as we hear, in Belgium burning villages and on the point of taking Liège. The con-

ductor on our crowded tramcar, a handsome man, tells us he is leaving to-morrow. He collects his fares no less dutifully. A nice-looking little soldier, with delicate features, blue eyes and a fair moustache, says, in a country drawl: "Je ne sais pas où c'est que je vais; je saurai où c'est quand je pars." And then, with a certain relish: "We will have those Germans this time, and why? Because they will have nothing to eat." "They will have to eat each other," is someone's comment. "All the better, like that there will be less of them to deal with." A good many foreigners on the Boulevard Montparnasse where the artist-haunted cafés are crowded. The afternoon paper now appearing announces good news: that Lord Kitchener has been appointed Minister for War. At last. To the publisher G.C.'s. Here we meet the poet C.G., who tells us he came back from his holidays in the South to the sound of the tocsin which was rung all over the provinces on the announcement of mobilisation. Though at the end of his term he hopes there may still be something for him to do. Here everyone is cheerful. Mr. G.C., who is expecting his call and leaves a little family behind him, rubs his hands with glee. Being very anglophile he is enchanted at the turn things have taken. Here we learn that the poet G.C.C. left this morning for Amiens, which is as much as to say Belgium. J.V., author of "Les Hasards de la Guerre," with whom we were in England recently furthering "cordiality" with France, has also left for the front. The writers A.M. and F.B. are also at their respective posts. The painter R.V. tells us how some Austrians and Germans were last night given notice by the police to leave the house in which he lives. Out they had to go as soon as they had been satisfactorily questioned, and it appears this was done with great equity. One of them, just as he was on the threshold of the outer door, asked for leave to return to his studio to fetch something he had forgotten; it was granted him; then followed a noise: he had shot himself. He was married to a Frenchwoman and had lived long in France. One of the other expelled ones was a poor little Austrian painter who earned his living by cobbling shoes. By the way, two nights ago at an hotel-restaurant quite near us at B., a man—a Frenchman—killed his child, wounded his wife and killed himself at the prospect of having to go to the front and leave them. The innkeeper, whose four sons were all bearing arms, quaintly remarked to the dying woman that her husband might have chosen another place in which to perpetrate his deed. We went to a café on the Boulevard Saint Michel which we found almost as animated as at usual times. Every one looked cheerful, doubtless because the news in the papers is favourable, indeed we are only given favourable news and by minute doses—three little items doled out one at a time for each of the three editions, morning, noon, and evening. It is strange how the misfortune of these becomes the fortune of those. Thus a little paper published at luncheon-time, which has dragged out a precarious and very obscure existence up to now, is having the time of its career. No train for civilians at the Gare Montparnasse and as we have more than an hour to wait before one leaves on another line we dine in town and have a very good meal at the customary price. We are not starving yet but it was rather revolting to see a huge woman decked out in loud clothes eating like a famished wild beast and laughing and joking as though it were holiday-time. We saw a waggon bearing soldiers on which were written the words "Vichy-Etat"; we also saw one of the Bon Marché delivery vans requisitioned by military. No trams after eight o'clock so we walked part-way and finished by cab. There are soldiers at all the cafés and wine-shops but none are drunk. In fact no one is. "Magic City" has been turned into temporary barracks and it is strange to see the soldiers among the plaster-of-paris figures of nude women as we did this afternoon. At B. Station the tickets are collected by the station-master who wears a band round his left arm to show he does his duty on railway service. On the walk home we broke into conversation with a young man who said he was just back from Belgium (it had taken him from Sunday till this Thursday to travel

from Liège to Paris). He had seen no papers since Sunday morning at Brussels. He told us that Belgium positively is in a state of war and that the patriotism of the Belgians is as magnificent as the methods of the Germans are unheard-of. He told us how old men, on hearing the Germans were in their country, went forth with their guns, facing certain death, for the Germans shoot every armed private individual they meet. He had already learnt on Sunday at Brussels what we only learnt to-day, namely, that there are some eight hundred German wounded and prisoners in Belgium. He said the Germans really were ferocious. He also told us that at some station he and a friend—I believe the French consul at Breslau—were placed under military guard and that one of the German non-commissioned officers, on seeing him smile at something that was remarked by one of them said that to laugh in the presence of a German officer was an insult to him and if he smiled again he would be shot then and there. This French consul had told him that in Germany it was said that Paris was in revolt and M. Poincaré had been murdered. The young man who told us these things was a well-educated young Belgian, an aviator, who had put his services at the disposal of the French army. It has not been possible to distribute uniforms to all yet and a middle-aged man in civilian's clothes wearing eyeglasses, whose only military accoutrement was a gun, was sentinel on our railway bridge to-day. Many men go about with the red cap and their usual clothes just to show they are mobilised. Onlookers applaud on seeing small detachments of soldiery pass. One of some soldiers who were leading horses up our hill to-day—along the Paris-Versaille road, the highway used by Louis XIV., among the cobbles of which we found one into which had been cut the date 1753, the last time it was paved, no doubt—waved to us and said good-humouredly "Au-Revoir."

AUGUST 7.—This is the first anniversary of the day the law for three years' military service was carried, and only just carried, for had Jaurès, Hervé and other socialists had their way the number of men under the flags now would have been less by some 300,000, and where should we have been? It fell upon General Pau, now commander of one section of the army, who is said to be a hero in the field, to explain the expediency of three years' service in the presence of a most hostile House. It is the opponents of practical measures—all unanimously patriotic to-day, of course—who have armed the Germans against us and who should be put as near as possible the range of German guns in the place of the guiltless ones there now. They are much worse enemies to a country than foreigners. And there is another class of no less dangerous traitor. Did not a German paper say just before hostilities broke out: "From a country where justice is exercised in such fashion (referring to the Caillaux case) we have nothing to fear." France knows how to command respect in moments of great crises—such as the present one—but it would be to its advantage if at other times it could manage to keep its scum under. The neglect has to be paid for sooner or later. If you look a little impressive people do not insult you; if you look "easy-going" you will have to bring retaliation forces into action which you might have been spared by the former precaution. Germany has always understood the value of impressing ("imponieren," as they say). Pouring rain to-day. H. S. C. goes to Paris to inquire into the nature of the service which will be required of him. Formally he is excluded from the fighting ranks, and as inexperienced men are not wanted he will have to be satisfied with the "auxiliary" employment to which he is entitled when his turn comes. The post brings a letter saying Dr. De N. joined his regiment on Monday and a card, posted yesterday, from England. But no news from M. or N. I wonder how long I shall be cut off from them. The town-crier is calling for the "territorial artillery." The older men of the locality have assumed the policing of the place. Miss Isadora Duncan has offered the large house she occupies here to the Red Cross Society as a hospital. The paper speaks of another suicide on the part of a German resident in Paris. On the drawn

shutters or windows of closed shops one may read: "Closed because the *patron* and his employés have gone to fight for their country." A little red, white and blue label shows the words "Maison Française" specially printed for the occasion and used particularly where the owner's name may seem foreign. Words reminiscent of Germany and Austria are blotted out. Our Belgian aviator-friend told us that the French consul at Breslau told him the people in Germany are terror-struck by this war and asking themselves into what trap they are being led. This morning's paper says there was not a single case in the capital yesterday of insubordination or delinquency in connection with the mobilisation. To note: a few days before the mobilisation order a dog I had never heard before howled most piteously; it howled just before the declaration of war. My German servant, I remember, observed that there surely must be some one dying. To-day H. S. C. brought the painter R. V. home to lunch, and for the first time for a fortnight we talked "shop." H. S. C. and Mr. R. V. went to see an official as to whether the latter could not be employed in map-drawing, for if he is not accepted for active service he may as well make himself useful in some branch where he is competent, instead of in potato-peeling or pan washing. A notice at the post-office announces that no telegrams are sent, whether inland or abroad, without having been primarily examined by the police commissary. The censorship on soldiers' letters is such that a lady here on opening a letter she thought from her son found in the place of it a slip of paper on which was written in a strange hand, "I am at Dijon," obviously a substitute for the original communication. H. S. C. returned with the disappointing news that no map-designing is being done just now at the War Office. At M. he saw a house on which three flags had been painted, the French, the British and the Russian. On returning through the village, he saw a man on a ladder adding a fourth flag: the Belgian.

AUGUST 8.—The last week's strain now begins to make itself felt and we are exhausted. The papers announce the landing of British troops in Belgium; also that the gates of Paris will be closed at 6 p.m. and not opened again till 6 a.m. The *Paris Daily Mail* publishes the Emperor of Germany's proclamation. Weather very fine. Am very anxious *re* M. and N., from whom I have no news, and English residents in Germany are, I hear, in great distress. Georges Carpentier, the boxer, has returned from England and joined the ranks. He had not done his service yet. Evening paper announces that China has declared its neutrality!

SUNDAY, AUGUST 9.—The morning papers announce the occupation by French troops of the Alsatian town of Mulhausen. Articles in the *Echo de Paris* by Maurice Barrès and the Comte Albert de Mun, the latter of whom recalls the great difference between the start of this war and the last, for he was at Metz forty-four years ago on 22nd July. He entitles his article "L'Aurore": "I quite realise," he writes, "that you think I am allowing myself to be carried away by an excess of enthusiasm! Too rapid joys make you tremble and cause you to anticipate a turn in fortune! And you fear the illusions which lost us in the *année terrible*! And you are right. My old heart, too ready to throb, must be quieted, and we must not, by too hasty hopes, risk the discouragement of an always redoubtable awakening. Yes, indeed, let us be wise and temperate. We may, however, without compromising ourselves, be permitted to consider the unexpected spectacle before us. And firstly, do not let us mention 1870. Nothing that we see to-day recalls it. The mobilisation order is a week old. Forty-four years ago that was given out on the 22nd July. I was at Metz: we were leaving for the frontier. Around us there was disorganisation in the commands, in the management, in every movement. The Emperor arrived looking pale, defeat written on his tragic face. The troops marched past him singing the—yesterday forbidden, to-day commanded—Marseillaise to evoke the ancestors of '92. But each one's heart was troubled, each one's soul anxious. And yet, a fortnight later, on 6th August, the spirit of this magnificent army was such that only the initiative of Faily and the determination

of Bazaine were needed to make victories of Woerth and Forbach. To-day everything is accomplished with admirable method. Not an accident has disturbed the progress of the mobilisation up to now, its eighth day. The whole machine is in regular working order, and, already, the offensive has been taken on the Alsatian as on the Belgian frontier." Maurice Barrès calls his article "Résurrection." A neighbour has brought us a little store of potatoes. The weather is very fine but not too hot—weather favourable to victory. An aeroplane has just flown past at a very great height. The afternoon is so fine that one has the greatest difficulty in realising that the world is in arms. Meanwhile our fruit is ripening. Walked to S. to inquire after a lady, a German subject, I had still seen the day previous to mobilisation, for whom we felt some anxiety. Found she had left. Little news in the evening papers, except the great event that Montenegro has taken to arms.

AUGUST 10.—Great penury of news. The papers repeat the same items over and over again. German soldiers starving in Belgium; success of French bayonet charges.—The Republic of Haiti is desirous of making its absolute neutrality known.—Very fine weather. H. S. C. tells me a pretty story: A small boy on seeing a funeral procession amble past, observed: "Eh bien, il n'est pas curieux, celui-là." And Mr. V. saw, scrawled in chalk on the shutters of a cobbler's little shop: "Le Sergent Seppe and et le Caporal Chauvin sont partis défendre la patrie." There is also an anecdote being hawked about, wherein a midinette asks her sweetheart not to forget to bring her a couple of German helmets to use as flower pots. One letter yesterday, one to-day, but no news from or about M. and N. Were lucky in catching a train for town. At the stations along the line the soldiers were having their noon-day meal, playing cards, or napping. Some had washed their clothes and hung them out to dry. In Paris we saw a woman tram-conductor. She wore a cap and neat black dress, and the satchel was slung from her shoulder. The wives of men at the front have been taken to replace them and have been very quickly drilled to their duties. The charabancs which take people to the races replace the requisitioned motor-buses. The horses, three abreast, jingle their bells as usual, and the conductor alights to invite fares. The terminus points are indicated in rough chalk lettering together with the fare: 50 c., for instance, from Saint Lazare to the Garde de Lyon, along the boulevards. Thus, the most obsolete things come back into their own again some time or other. At M. and Mme. F. R. V.'s we hear the poet G.-C. C. has written, and says that at his request he has left Amiens and police service there for the more active ranks. Everyone here concerned at events and Mme. V. particularly troubled, as are all women now, that there is no outlet for their activities, and the best they can do is to sit still and wait. Thence, in a terribly crowded underground, to Saint Lazare to inquire after young Dr. M., who was not there—being probably a soldier by now—and where the concierge, who had never seen us before, button-holed us to relate us her anxieties both as concerned her young tenant and her husband. Calling, in the name of a young friend of ours, at an institution claiming to find employment for those whose husbands or fathers are with the colours, we found the lists were closed on the six thousandth application. Thence, with the greatest difficulty, the heat being intense and trams very rare, to Passy, to see M. and Mme. S. V. Here I glance, for the first time since the mobilisation, at a review. The first name I alight upon is that of the poet G.-C. C., in an article, quoting also a poem by F. R. V., and mentioning THE EGOIST. We heard that Turpin's latest invention (the M. Turpin who invented monolith), which he has kept secret for years, preferring to forego financial benefit in the eventual interests of his own country, was sent from Versailles to the front yesterday. Met Mlle. O.B.'s sister, by the way, this morning, and heard that they have, through exceptional influence, obtained permission to remain in Paris. News in papers always scarce; incident between Japan and Germany; German ship destroyed by British. By boat, slowly and with changes, home. Sunset very fine. Bought the last

croissants, the bakers ceasing to make fancy bread and pastry from to-day. At a café, where we took some refreshment, women, instead of waiters, attended the customers. We saw an ambulance motor stationed before the Printemps being piled up with packets of cotton wool, dozens of cradles for legs and other sadly suggestive surgical implements. We also saw several Red Cross nurses about in the streets. In a window at the Galeries Lafayette wax figures with the mincing faces and gestures more becoming to another type of costume, have been dressed up in Red Cross uniforms.

AUGUST 11.—Weather continues very fine. Papers absolutely deficient in news, but in the locality there is a report that wounded will be directed here and that many have already been sent to different towns in the provinces. Several letters from England this morning bearing the postmark for the 8th. Being deficient in news we fall back upon local incidents and anecdotes. We heard to-day of a woman who said she had never mourned her three dead sons more than now. H.S.C. met someone who told him one of the generals now at the front thought this war would cost France a million of men. Had ourselves vaccinated this evening, this precaution having been advised the population. Dr. M. tells us a patient of his received a letter from his brother to-day saying they had had a march which lasted from mid-day to midnight.

AUGUST 12.—Card at last from N. posted in Switzerland on the 8th. A letter from England posted on the 9th. Less news than ever in the papers. To Paris. Heat overpowering. In the course of to-day we heard the following items supplied from well-informed sources: that no less than 2,500 spies and rioters have been court-martialled since the beginning of the mobilisation. Indeed the number of spies employed by the German Government seems to pass belief. I am told for instance about a dealer in tripe under whose shop near an important railway bridge here in Paris was an elaborate tunnelling through which he could blow the bridge up at a moment's notice. At Antwerp there was a little German tradesman who had hidden uniforms and weapons enough to arm 2,000 German soldiers. We were told, too, that there were many German prisoners taken in Belgium in barracks here. The other morning, at 1 a.m., the boulevards were evacuated by order and it is thought this was effected for the easier transit of the prisoners.

AUGUST 13.—Weather continues very hot. Of news less than ever. One is inclined to believe this war is all a hoax. A number of soldiers, we were told a thousand, were bivouacking near us to-day. They had come from a distant province. On calling at a Red Cross hospital near here we were told no wounded have arrived or are announced to arrive. The ladies in charge seem sorry for this. The occasion is one for the exercise of much superfluous zeal and self-advertisement through philanthropy. One feels it is better to be out of it. Declaration of war between France and England with Austria at last announced. We heard that the men who, up to now, covered the frontier lines are now replaced by reserve forces. Card from a soldier-friend who is with his corps in Normandy and happy doing the cooking for his comrades. The Metro now runs until 9 p.m. and the order for the early closing of the Paris gates removed. We also learnt from a private source that a deficit of twenty-five per cent. (deserters, unfit, etc.) had been expected in the territorial and reserve forces and that the actual figures are hardly one per cent.

AUGUST 14.—Heat continues intense. Poor soldiers! H. S. C. heard an officer of the reserve forces say to his children who were seeing him off at the station: "Smile, children, smile." Supplies increasing and prices low, but few stalls open at the market. M. Albert de Mun, commenting in to-day's *Echo de Paris* upon a French artillery victory, writes: "It is not the heavy artillery which wins battles, it is the field gun. Therefore let us love and glorify our *pretty* (!) 75 for it is henceforth master of the fight." I had occasion to-day to look over an album of photos taken and collected in the Transvaal war, photos of entrenchments filled with strings of corpses, like larks on a skewer, battlefields

dotted with dead and other reminiscences of that event brought back by M. R. D., attaché alternately to the British and Boer forces. We asked him what he thought of the British army and he said they were excellent at attack and had no fear of cold steel. The opinion of the generals at the front is that the war will last some time, perhaps ten months.

AUGUST 15.—The man whom H. S. C. saw adding a Belgian flag to those of the three allied countries has written beneath it "*Salut à l'Héroïsme Belge.*" A cobbler in M. has put a notice on his door on which he has drawn a French flag in coloured chalks and written underneath: "*Le cordonnier est sous les drapeaux.*" Bills have been printed in the three national colours bearing the words "*Maison française.*" Ideal soldiers' weather, a violent thunderstorm overnight having considerably cooled the air.

AUGUST 16.—The papers announce the Tsar's proclamation giving autonomy to Poland and the interdiction of the sale of absinthe. This last measure, which the Chamber has never dared or wished to bring into force, is an instance of the advantages of autocratic rule. Such a reform introduced at this particular moment is symptomatic of the extraordinary spring there is at the back of this country of which it may truly be said that it is never lost. Other pieces of encouraging news this morning are the taking of the Alsatian town of Thann and of the first German flag.

AUGUST 17.—Japan's ultimatum to Germany. I observe how terribly chauvinistic the papers have become and how they insist on German "atrocities." It is sad that patriotism, like other human qualities, must eventually degenerate. How this war affects France, in contrast to its repercussion in England, is shown by the fact that all literary publications have ceased. Beyond the daily papers (reduced in size) no reading matter appears, neither magazines, nor reviews, nor books of any kind. Maps are the only printed matter people buy besides the daily papers. Among the numerous advertisers for employment in the "*Matin*" the other day was a poor fashion artist! All the museums are closed, and, of course, the theatres. A German (the secretary of an acquaintance), who has been sent to a concentration camp, writes to say he is very well treated. An English friend tells me the following story: He happened to be at a coast town in Normandy on August 1, and the change in events necessitated his immediate return to the capital, but travelling had become impossible for civilians. Yet, with the assistance of consul, passports, and what not, he obtained authority from the commissary of police to leave, and only the station-master's permission remained to be secured. This he obtained from him for a particular train one afternoon. On arriving at the station to take his train the station-master he had interviewed had been replaced by another, who refused the permission accorded by his colleague in the morning. No plea, no display of official authorisations could prevail upon him until it occurred to my friend to use the following argument: "Supposing, Monsieur," said he, "the English had not kept their promise to assist your country, what would you say?" The reply to this was immediate access to the hitherto forbidden train. There you have the French character in a nutshell. This reasoning people is always more easily moved by an appeal to sentiment than to sense. At the station from which we took the train to town to-day we found the doors giving access to the platform were kept locked until the arrival of the train. On inquiry as to the motive, we heard the line had been blown up a day or two ago. By whom? By German spies, of whom three, of seven who had been conspiring together in the neighbourhood, had been taken. This reported epidemic of spies would be incredible were we not given tangible proofs of this kind, for one has difficulty in believing in anything so utterly fantastic as a spy. We have been told that among these a member of a celebrated Jewish millionaire family has been under arrest, and that a well-known Franco-Belgian nobleman is suspected of treason. The large, open plain surrounding the Clément-Bayard aeroplane garage at Issy is now cleared

of the hundreds of requisitioned motors which were to be seen stationed there recently. Paris struck us as bright and optimistic. Of course, it is not the usual Paris, but more like a provincial town. Hawkers were selling the Kaiser's will, crying "Achetez le testament et le faire part de Guillaume, ses dernières paroles, ses dernières volontés, deux sous," adding, "Il n'est pas mort, la v. . . , il est crevé comme un cochon." Means of transit still very awkward. On one tram the conductor was a woman. At the offices of "L'Art Décoratif" M. Roches has had written on his shutters "Fermé jusqu'à la victoire." In the same street, a little further down, M. Fischbacher, the publisher, has taken precautions against possible misunderstandings by having his public affirmation that he is of French-Alsatian origin, and that he and his family have served in the French armies and navies visé by the Commissary of Police.—The prettiest story going about just now is the one about the Belgian who said he no longer went out with his gun but with a slice of bread and butter. "Then the German soldiers are sure to follow me!"

(To be continued.)

MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA.

SOME ITALIAN SONNETS.

(EARLY TRECENTO.)

I HAVE translated these sonnets—in spite of Rossetti's beautiful rendering—for the following reasons. I believe that les jeunes are too interested in their own careers and too little interested in literature. (I am not a "good example," merely a reactionary.) An artist who does not care for art disinterestedly cannot have that lively interest in life which everyone accepts as a fundamental condition of artistic work. This does not mean an advocacy of pedantry nor of the unimaginative attempts at criticism by the British reviewers; but we all rather want to see squashed the type of artist who has only a personal and limited interest in the arts. It is extremely good for us with our somewhat stupendous vanities to take a peep at the work of remote craftsmen and to realise how easily they excel us. It is for this reason that one regrets that boisterous rejection of all other art than their own which is one of the acutest features of les jeunes and perhaps their greatest weakness.

These translations are in prose, while the originals are sonnets. It is quite probable that Folgore "felt" these things as sonnets, and because the sonnet was a vital form in his day he was right to employ it. This is not so to-day when a sonnet is either a pastiche or a tour de force. Hardly any sonnets since the seventeenth century—except Wordsworth's—have any organic originality. They are pastiches of trecento, Petrarchan, Ronsardian, Shakespearian, or Miltonic sonnets. Even Milton's sonnets are Italianate. Rossetti, the best of modern sonnetters, merely expressed the trecento in the language of Shakespeare and Wardour Street. In France, though they have had Beaudelaire and Mallarmé, the sonnet is dead.

In France, too, they have long realised that prose is the only method of translating poetry. A translator's emotion is seldom intense enough for him to create genuine poetic rhythms—and all false poetic rhythms are boring, hence the general tedium of "poetic" translations. On the other hand prose translations are sometimes better than their originals—for instance, Chateaubriand's Milton and Mallarmé's version of Poe, while Louys' Meleager is only less than the Greek in dignity of language, not in style and feeling. The fundamental lack in Milton and Poe—a mastery of style—is supplied by the more artistically subtle, though less powerfully creative Frenchman.

It will be noted with pleasure by some of the writers in these columns that Folgore's interest lies in his exact rendering of detail—a phrase much worked but very expressive. Rossetti, in trying to torture his English into sonnet form, has omitted some of the most picturesque of these details, though, to do him justice, he has translated some lines brilliantly. He was also unfortunate in not possessing the extremely scholarly text and essay of G. Navone.

A PRELIMINARY SONNET TO THE GARLAND OF MONTHS.

By FOLGORE DA SAN GEMIGNANO.

To a noble company of Sienese.

To the noble and courteous band and to all their members wheresoever they are, for they are always gay, I give hounds, hawks and money for spending.

Sumpter-nags, quails caught in flight, braches, swift beagles and greyhounds I give: in this kingdom I crown Niccolo lord because he is the flower of the city of Siena.

Tingoccio, Atain di Togno, and Anchaiano and Bartolo and Mugavero and Fainotto, who are like the sons of king Ban,

More gallant and courteous than Lancelot, if need be, with lance in hand ye would joust at Camelot.

January.

I give you in the month of January banquets with fires of kindled herbs, rooms and beds with deft embroideries, silk sheets and coverlets of vair,

Sweetmeats and comfits and sharp mixed wine, robes from Douai and from Rascia. Thus ye shall be defended when Scirocco, Gherbino and Tramontana arise.

And from time to time in the day you shall go out and cast the white, beatiful snow at the girls standing about.

And when the company is wearied you shall return to your banquet and there refresh the gallant band.

February.

For February I give you good sport of deer, of wild goats and of boars, short gowns with high boots, and company to delight and please you;

Hounds on the leash and hounds to follow the scent, and your purses filled with money to the shame of misers and hoarders or of any who grudge at our band.

In the evening you shall return with your men burdened with game, happy and cheerful and singing;

Then let the wine be drawn and the kitchen steam, and be all of you sparkling until your first sleep and then repose till morning.

March.

For March I give you fishing of eels, of trout, of lampreys and salmon, of sharks, of dolphins, of sturgeon and every other fish in the river;

With fishermen and little boats in a row, barques, yachts and galleons, which will bear you at any time to any port you please.

May the port be full of palaces and everything else you need and all kinds of pleasing people.

But let it have no church or convent; leave the crazy monks to their preaching for they have too many lies and too little truth.

April.

In April I give you the gentle country-side all flowering with fresh fair grass, fountains of water which shall not weary you, ladies and maidens for your company;

Ambling palfreys, destriers of Spain and people clothed in French fashions, songs, and Provençal dances with new instruments from Germany.

And round about there shall be many gardens for you all to recline, and each one with reverence shall incline before

That gentle one to whom I gave the crown of the finest precious stones like those of Prester John or the King of Babylon.

May.

For May I give you horses, all of them easy on the bit, all ambling, straight trotting, with chest-armor and head-stalls with bells,

Banners, and cloaks with many designs and silks of all colours, your shields like those of jousts, violet, rose, and the flower which dazzles all men.

Break and shatter armour and lances while on window and balcony fruit shall rain up and garlands down;

And youthful maidens and young men shall kiss each other on the mouth and cheeks, discoursing together of love and happiness.

June.

For June I give you a little mountain covered with fair little trees, thirty villas and twelve towers surrounding a little citadel

Which in its midst shall have a little fountain with a thousand branches and rivulets cutting through gardens and little lawns to refresh the minute short grass.

Oranges, citrons, dates and lemons and all savoury fruits shall be made into long arches for the walks;

And the people there shall be so amorous, shall do each other so much courtesy that they will be held gracious by all the world.

(To be continued.)

JOHN FELTON.

FREE VERSE IN ENGLAND.

By RICHARD ALDINGTON.

WE must abandon the term "vers libre," which even in France has lost all meaning. It has been suggested that we should use the words "poems in unrhymed cadence," but "free verse" is at once more English and more explicit.

Because above all things the artist must be free—free in his intelligence, in his life, and in his art. To say that the artist should be free does not mean that he should work without standards; it means that he should create his own standards.

There is a constant tendency for the arts to become stereotyped in content and in expression; this is due to the influence of the public, which hates to think. Hence its opposition to originality, to unheard-of principles, to innovations in technique. The artist has constantly to react against this tyranny; he is betrayed by the mass of avaricious mediocrities who value the remunerations they receive more than the purity of their art. Moreover—since it is a truism that all which has once been true will become false and that all which was once false will become true—the artist has to deny and disprove principles erected by his ancestors in order to keep intact their great common principle of freedom.

There is a tyranny of novelty as there is a tyranny of antiquity. It is as stupid and contemptible to be a stereotyped Vorticist as it is to be a stereotyped Academician. In art the important thing is the individual. When two individuals agree on a few points they can raise hell; when ten agree they change the art history of their century. (In art as in life the rarest thing is the individual.)

It is just as well to keep these obvious principles of artistic liberty in one's mind in considering the question of free verse in England. Free verse might easily become as much of a shibboleth as academic verse. At present it is largely treated as an inexcusable affectation; I demand that it receive as much or more attention than academic verse on the ground that its use is, at present, a sign of individuality.

There is no reason to suppose that this subject is too occult or too technical for the layman. It had first to be discussed by those whose chief business in life it is; but now the curtain should be drawn; there is no mystery.

What, then, is the difference between the new free verse and the old rhymed, accented verse? Not, obviously, the commonplace idiotic remark of the journalist that free verse is merely prose cut into different lengths. The man who says that has no ear for poetry; he is unable to distinguish between the free verse written by an artist and its imitation by an amateur. For the essential difference between free verse and accented verse is just this: the old accented verse forced the poet to abandon some of his individuality, most of his accuracy and all his style in order to wedge his emotions into some preconceived and sometimes childish formality; free verse permits the poet all his individuality because he creates his cadence instead of copying other people's, all his accuracy because with his cadence flowing naturally he tends to write naturally and there-

fore with precision, and all his style because style consists in concentration, and exactness which could only be obtained rarely in the old forms.

Such free verse is not prose. The cadence is more rapid and more marked, its "rhythmic constant," shorter, and more regular. It is—or it ought to be—about five times more concentrated than the best prose and about six times more emotional. Good prose solemnly bears you to perfection like a deliberately-advancing elephant; good poetry whirls you away like Elijah's chariot or a racing automobile.

The finest English poets have been stunted by their mediæval versification. The best Greek poets—Alcman, Sappho, Alcaeus, Ibycus, Anacreon even, and the Attic dramatists in their lyric choruses—used a kind of free verse, which is perhaps the finest poetry we have. I am aware that German professors have laboriously worked out the scansion of this poetry; I have compared their scansion with that of certain English free verse poems and if anything the English poems are more regular. There was a tradition of Latin free verse through most of the Middle Ages—the first two books of the *Imitatio* are the last specimen of this.

Complicated accented metres were invented by the Provençals, who, as a rule, have nothing to say and say it badly. Hence their need of extraneous virtuosity. Hence the deplorable result of their influence on England.

Thus you will find even god-Shakespeare writing (for the sake of rhyme and some rag-time metre) lines like:—

"To her let us garlands bring,"

and:—

"To this troop come thou not near,"

and:—

"Even to thy pure and most loving breast,"

and (not to multiply instances) Ben Jonson babbles:—

"But might I of Jove's nectar sup,"

and Swinburne (trying to be Hellenic):—

"But me the hot and hungry days devour."

These are phrases which no one would dream of including in any decent piece of prose; why then, if poetry is the higher art, should they be permitted in poetry? I should think that among our famous poetic writers Milton, Shelley and Tennyson have the worst style, because they constantly use the prettiest or the most polysyllabic words instead of the exact word, they write impossible sentences, they used inaccurate detail and more inaccurate generalities (usually quoted in almanacs) and rhetorical phrases—which any fool can do—instead of getting down some real observation, some accurate expression of emotion. And they are desperately pedagogical.

Thus (I quote from memory) Milton:—

" . . . Him the Almighty power

Hurled headlong flaming from th' aethereal skies

With hideous ruin and combustion down

To bottomless perdition . . ."

Now consider that gem. "Him the Almighty, etc.," is not English at all—it is an attempt to graft a Greek construction upon our uninflected language. "Aethereal skies" is good, very good; so is "mobled queen," though. And then, fancy using a word like "combustion," an inaccurate epithet, "with hideous ruin," and a misstatement, "to bottomless perdition," for the whole point of the poem is that perdition has got a bottom and that the angels fell into it; if on the other hand Milton meant "endless damnation" he should have said what he meant and not used a loose adjective like "bottomless," applicable only to Corregio's cherubs! Mind, I don't say that Milton would have been any better if he had employed free verse; but had he done so, the necessity for concentration might have struck him, from that the absolute importance of accuracy, and thence—who knows—he might have discovered poetic style?

Shelley—whose poetry every young poet should endeavour to forget—had to say "A sensitive plant in a

garden grew," instead of "A sensitive plant grew in a garden," which is the natural way to make that statement.

I don't want to say that these men—Tennyson included—have not written poetry, and fine poetry. I am out to destroy their reputations to a certain extent; I point out their infamously bad writing so as to try and get people to consider these poets and modern poets intelligently and critically, instead of with a blind uncritical admiration for the established men and with an equally blind, equally uncritical scorn for the new, unestablished poets. You can accuse me of picking out a few bad lines from a thousand good ones. Well, let the accuser take down his—doubtless dusty—poets and consider them carefully in the light of the principles enunciated above—he will find them horribly lacking. I take Shakespeare to be on my own side, because he wrote direct, clear, speakable English—in his lyrics, I mean—he almost always employs the *mot juste*, he has individual cadence, he has a natural unpedagogical outlook. Shakespeare wrote "Come unto these yellow sands," and "Come away, Death," and a dozen other perfect little songs. That is why he is our greatest lyric poet. The others come off only in spots.

Poetry to-day, by the nature of things, cannot be as light and song-like as Shakespeare's lyrics, because our life is not so light and song-like. But some of the poets of to-day have created a genre which is the expression of their age, a poetry with Shakespeare's intensity and without his occasionally banal cadence. Moreover, it is singularly individual—the result of the artistic use of free verse. These new poems are written so that no good prose writer would refuse to own them; they are more concentrated and more intense than the best prose. They have, therefore, the virtues of the best prose and something besides, *i.e.*, their intensity and concentration. That, I take it, is the difference between good prose and good poetry. Good prose, aiming at completeness, gives you vast quantities of irrelevant and often boring detailed observations in order to lead up to an effect; good poetry gives the same effect in a stronger degree by picking out essentials and rendering them vividly and exactly. It is more difficult to write good poetry than good prose.

Take this piece of free verse:—

"Gods of the sea;
Ino,
Leaving warm meads
For the green, grey-green fastnesses
Of the great deeps;
And Palemon,
Bright striker of sea-shaft,
Hear me." (H. D.)

(I select this because it is not superficially modern.) Except for the use of the word "meads" that sentence is stylistically perfect. It has the accuracy of epithet and of construction which we seek in good prose; yet it has more intensity and concentration, and a queer swift cadence.

I take another example from someone outside my own crowd:—

"Transposition.
I am blown like a leaf
Hither and thither.
The city about me
Resolves itself into sound of many voices,
Rustling and fluttering,
Leaves shaken by the breeze.
A million forces ignore me, I know not why,
I am drunken with it all.
Suddenly I feel an immense will
Stored up hitherto and unconscious till this instant,
Protecting my body
Across a street, in the face of all its traffic . . ."

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

The only error in that is the phrase "I know not why"—though even that is debatable. Whether you like that sort of poetry or not it is quite obvious that its style—apart from its content—make it much easier and more

interesting to read than the traditional poetry of to-day. That is perhaps my final argument for free verse—a personal one—that in the majority of cases I find it more interesting, more stimulating and more original than any form of modern English literature.

A HEAVY HEART.

IN the midst of meadows and orchards, there stands an immense yellow house. It is a girls' school for "English young ladies."

There are a great many "holy sisters" in it, and a great deal of home-sickness.

The fathers often came to visit their little daughters. "Father, I am glad to see you." The simple music of "Father, I am glad to see you," is like the sound of hymns deep down in their little hearts. And in "Good-bye, father," these die away like arpeggios on the harp.

* * * *

It was a rainy November Sunday. I was sitting in the dear little warm café, smoking and dreaming. . . . A fine tall man came in with a wonderful little girl. She was really an angel without wings, in a green velvet coat. The man sat down at my table.

"Bring some illustrated papers for the child," said he to the waiter.

"No, thank you, father, I don't want any—" said the angel without wings.

Silence.

Her father said: "What is the matter?"

"Nothing—" said the child.

Then the father said, "How far on are you in mathematics?"

He thought: "Let us talk of something of general interest. In learning, one finds one's self."

"Capital and Interest," said the angel, "What is it? What does it mean? I haven't an idea. What is the use of Capital and Interest? I don't understand it!"

"Long hair—short intelligence," said her father, smiling and stroking her fair hair, which shone like silk.

"Yes, indeed," said she.

Silence. . . .

I never saw such a sad little face. It quivered just like a shrub under the weight of snow. It was like hearing Eleanora Duse say: "Oh," or like Gemina Bellincini when she sings. The father thought: "Brain-work is a diversion. And anyhow it can't hurt. One can rock the soul to sleep. Interest has to be awakened. Of course, it is still slumbering."

He said: "Capital and Interest! Oh, it is most exciting. At one time it was my strong point." (A gleam of his past Capital and Interest happiness flitted over his countenance.) "For instance—wait a moment—for instance, somebody buys a house. Are you listening?"

"Oh, yes, somebody buys a house."

"For instance, the house you were born in at Görz." (He made the thing more arresting by ingeniously bringing learning and family affairs into somewhat close connection.) "It costs 20,000 florins. How much must he receive as interest in order that it may bring in 5 per cent.?"

Said the angel: "No one can know that. . . . Father, does Uncle Victor come often to see us?"

"No, very seldom. When he does come, he always sits in your empty room. Listen, 20,000 gulden. How much is 5 per cent. on 20,000 gulden? Well, surely as many times 5 gulden as 100 goes into 20,000. That is simple, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes—" said the child, and could not make out why Uncle Victor came so seldom.

The father went on: "So how much must he receive? Well, 1,000 gulden—quite simple."

"Yes, 1,000 gulden. Father, does the big white lamp in the dining-room still smoke when it is lighted?"

"Of course. Now have you got an idea of how to reckon Capital and Interest?"

"Oh, yes. But why does Capital bear Interest at all? For it isn't like a pear tree. It is quite dead—money!"

"Silly little thing," said the father, and thought to himself: "After all, it is the business of the school."

Silence.

She said softly: "I want to come home to you!"

"Come, you are a sensible little girl, aren't you?"

Two tears ran slowly down her cheeks.

Deliverance! Tears! Home-sickness which had become gleaming pearls!

Then she said smiling: "Daddy, there are three little girls in the school. The eldest of them is allowed to eat three cakes, the younger, only two, and the youngest, one. They are as strictly dieted as that! I wonder if the amount will be increased next year?"

The father smiled. "You see what cheery times you have."

"How do you mean, cheery? We look at it like that because it is funny. But surely the ludicrous is not the cheerful?"

"Little philosopher," said the proud and happy father, but he saw by the shining wet eyes of his little daughter that Philosophy and Life are two separate things.

She turned red, then pale, pale, then red.

It was like a struggle on her sweet face. Upon it was written "Good-bye, father, oh, good-bye."

I should like to have said to the father: "Sir, look at this face—like that of the Virgin Mary. Her little heart is breaking!"

He would have answered me, "My dear Sir, c'est la vie! Such is Life! Everybody cannot sit in a café dreaming their time away—"

The father said: "How far on are you in history?" He was thinking: "She must be distracted; that is my principle."

"We are in Egypt," said the little girl.

"Oh, in Egypt," said the father, as though he thought that land really could fulfil the needs of anybody. He seemed frankly astonished to think that one could want anything more than Egypt.

"The Pyramids," said he, "the Mummies. King Sesostri Cheops! Then come the Assyrians, then the Babylonians." He thought to himself, "The more I go on, the better."

"Really," said the child, as who should say: "Nations which are over and done with—"

"When do you have dancing," said the father, thinking to himself, "Dancing is a cheerful subject."

"To-day."

"When?"

"Directly after you have gone—then comes dancing from 7 to 8."

"Oh, dancing is very healthy. Only, mind you do your dancing thoroughly."

When the man got up to go away and bowed to me in a friendly manner, I said, "Sir, excuse me, oh, please excuse me. I have a great favour to ask of you—"

"Of me? What is it?"

"Oh, please let your little daughter off her dancing lesson to-day."

He looked at me and shook my hand.

"It is granted."

"How is it you understand me, strange man?" said the angel to me, with her glistening eyes.

"Go on out," said the man to the child. Then he said to me: "Excuse me, do you think that is a right principle?"

"Yes, indeed," said I, "in the things of the soul, the only principle is to have no principles."

PETER ALTENBERG.

(Translated from the German by E. H. W.)

NOTICE TO READERS.

We regret being obliged to suspend publication of the concluding chapters of the serial story "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," by Mr. James Joyce, and the series "Liberations: Studies of Individuality in Contemporary Music," by Mr. Leigh Henry. The writers are in Austria and Germany respectively, and unable to send the MSS.—Ed.

THE WAR AND CIVICS.

THOUGHTFUL persons who live in towns and cities cannot altogether avoid a certain association with the interests of those places. Wherever one turns to-day such persons are discussing the prevalent questions. Now that universal war is engulfing one form of civilisation, what form of civilisation will arise when men have emerged cleansed and chastened from the ordeal of this war? What new seeds of the reconstruction of society were being sown when war broke out, and which seed is most likely to come to fruition? Only these questions are of profound interest just now, and perhaps only those books which afford an answer to them are of immediate value. The writer, therefore, who fixes our attention on the possible answer and shows us, not only the fruitful seed, but its unbroken and ever-broadening growth and development is, in a sense, our benefactor.

Mr. Victor V. Branford comes forward with an answer, and his aim to forecast a possible (sociological) future as the inevitable outcome of our highest (sociological) experiences in the past and present, compels our closest attention. Anyone not knowing the exact point of the sociological thread where the war obscured it, nor the fine thread underlying the chaos of war, nor the exact point at which the thread will emerge, may trace it under the guidance of "Interpretations and Forecasts" (Duckworth). It makes no difference that the book reveals the author as, before all things, a theoretician. The thing of capital importance is that he is a sound theoretician on his own sociological ground. As we know, sound practice, if it be anything more than mere rule of thumb, requires sound theory. Mr. Branford's views on social reconstruction are the result, as his book shows, of his own very wide historical knowledge, and of the researches of a long line of sociologists from Aristotle to Geddes, in whom the theoretician is greater than the practitioner. He, for instance, avows his indebtedness to Professor Geddes as, some day, no doubt, Professor Geddes will avow his indebtedness to Mr. Branford. It may be objected that a good theoretician is not necessarily a good practitioner. Descartes was not necessarily a good optician because he made optical discoveries. Again, some persons think that the two are not united. When Harvey found the circulation of the blood he lost his patients. Perhaps there is some opposition between the mental qualities each requires. Though practice presupposes in the practitioner the power to compare the prophecies and discoveries of sociologists, it does not ask of him a profound vision, a very deep knowledge of theoretical basis, or the power to draw true inferences from facts around him. Normally the theoretician comes first, seeing that it is the business of the practitioner to apply what is first felt, seen, or conceived in theory. Seeing, in fact, precedes doing, just as feeling precedes seeing.

I am led to point to this precedence of the theoretician by the dislike which some persons display towards the theoretical sociologist. Such persons have heard that the forecasts made by sociologists of this sort are not free from error. So if reluctantly they admit that Comte was wonderfully correct when he prophesied the decay of Parliaments (seen now in the increasing and almost autocratic power of the Cabinet), they also claim that Spencer was talking nonsense when he prophesied the increase of individualism. Certainly the present trend towards social unity as seen in civics and some guild suggestions would seem to substantiate their claim; it surely looks like the re-organisation of society on an associated, in place of its existing individualistic, basis. But might not this represent a fresh start at individualism? There are civicists and social economists who would have us believe so. We are told, for instance, that a guild movement is necessary to enable the individual to reaffirm himself and to escape from the servile state imposed upon him by a tyrant society, to one of full self-possession. In fact, advance in the modern guild sense involves the development of the individual. Perhaps the guild man will shrug his shoulders at the implied individualistic basis and say,

the advance must be made by way of associated life. Of course it requires less effort to think in terms of association seeing that association has become the keynote of even the vilest commercialism. However, it is hardly necessary to point out that *THE EGOIST* does not favour this queer roundabout way of attaining to full possession of one's eternal inheritance. Its title implies that we have each the kingdom of grace within us and should enter upon it forthwith. The key to the kingdom is self-subsistence. Besides Spencer's apparent fault of scientific prevision, the opponents of sociological theory might place Galton's theory of heredity, which is now superseded by that of Mendel. Possibly, too, they could point to a fault or two in forecast emerging from Professor Geddes's wonderful insight and power of interpretation.

It is at this point that Mr. Branford's book becomes of greatest interest. Briefly, the book is an interpretation and forecast of civic reconstruction. It affirms the awakening of a civic consciousness, and attempts to foretell where this awakening will lead us. Its very chapter headings, "The Perfect Citizen," "The Citizen as Sociologist," "The Citizen as Psychologist," "The Mediæval Citizen," and so on, announce the arrival of the city and the citizen. Its very phrases and terms, "Cities have awakened to self-consciousness," "Transformations in men and affairs," "A gospel of the good race," "This vision of a city beautiful," these and others exude civicness. Indeed, it opens with the question, "What is a city, and who are citizens?" For answer it turns first to Aristotle's theory, shows us the misconception and misapplication of the theory, the fraud which has resulted in the State being exalted where the city should be, the consequent neglect of the latter, the restoration of the root ideal of Aristotle, the current sociological tendencies and initiative shown in the return to cities and a rising sense of inter-civic solidarity. So running through this series of related lectures is an abstract theory of civics, suggestions for its application to concrete questions, and a consideration of the carrying out of results thus obtained in the corresponding art of government. Civic politics form the prophetic part of the book. In short, this big volume of historical and prophetic exposition embodies a very important forecast of civic reconstruction and history. In doing so it casts the horoscope of Professor Geddes, whose whole life and labour is intended to be a prediction of coming civic history. Whether the Geddesian prophecies will be entirely fulfilled is doubtful, and this for three reasons: (1) Great cities, like London, have got beyond the city and citizen stage of development; (2) Germany is about to prove the failure of an attempt to manufacture ideal citizens for a specific purpose (in this case a political one); (3) the war will bring about a confederation of kingdoms likely to alter the whole trend of human thought and action. However, as I said, there is a thread of survival and tendency underlying the chaos of war, and this thread, wrongly, I think, seen in the Settlement Movement, may be traced in Mr. Branford's book alike by the theoretical sociologist, the political publicist aiming to educate public opinion, and the practical statesman. Of course, the practical statesman ought to study the book for, as a rule, he knows nothing about sociology.

HUNTLY CARTER.

CHINA.

By F.T.S.

I SHALL try to tell here something of life in my native land, leaving the problems of her present existence and future progress to those men who have made a deeper study of those conditions in which she is living to-day. I may even give a few personal incidents as illustrative of home-life in China, and the way one of our race views life in America.

China is regarded as a great empire. And so it is. Her population is about 400,000,000, or about five times

as great as that of the United States. Her area is 1,500,000 square miles. Of her total population 380,000,000 are dependent upon her own resources; 20,000,000 belong to the dependencies. Almost all of China is well-settled, having about 280 people to the square mile on the average. But the density of population varies in the different provinces. A large portion of the east and south contains only about 150 people to the square mile, while the great fertile plains in the north-east have an average of 450. In the Province of Shangtung we find 600 or 700 to the square mile.

There is a great contrast between the people of China and those of Teutonic extraction to the west, who were ardent lovers of liberty and their country. The Chinese possess little national spirit or feeling. This is due to two leading causes. The first is, that the dialects are so unlike in the different provinces that the natives of one can scarcely understand those of another. Perhaps the very imperfect means of communication is responsible for this dissimilarity of speech. The same would be true in America if the people of the Atlantic coast had scant means of communicating with the Pacific coast. In time the languages of the two coasts would become very unlike each other.

It seems to me that our spoken language is much easier than English except that the accents are very difficult. We have certain tones meaning certain things. A certain word pronounced in one tone may mean one thing; the same word pronounced in another tone may mean something wholly different.

The missionaries have adopted the method of using English letters to spell Chinese words. From these Romanised words the missionaries learn the language, but owing to the difficulty of pronunciation a great many mistakes are made. For instance: the word *a* means "push"; *â* tease him; *ā* "you can do something," etc. Thus you see we have a fixed tone—it is not like yours. If you say "good" in an ordinary tone it means "good;" if you emphasise it, it still means "good." This change in tone, however, would make a totally different effect in Chinese. For instance, the word "gau" spoken in one tone in Hingluia dialect means "a noble gentleman"; in another tone it means "dog," so when a stranger, as he thinks, may be speaking of "a noble gentleman" may use the wrong tone and boldly assert that he is a "noble dog." Such a mistake in this country would probably involve the perpetrator in a free for all fight.

There is another word "tung," in one tone meaning "soup", in another "sugar." In a book on China written by a missionary he tells of a mistake commonly made. "An honourable missionary of our acquaintance who was careless of his tone, told his cook, as he thought, to buy a hen or rooster and make soup; but using the wrong tone he really told him to buy a fowl and make sugar. This cook went and asked another lady if they had a way of making sugar out of fowls in America."

This lack of a language capable of being understood in all parts of China is one reason why she does not possess a national spirit and lacks union. Moreover the average Chinaman concerns himself little with governmental affairs; he attends to his own private business and is content.

There is, however, another cause. China has always been under the government of one master, except at the time of the Seven Kingdoms.

As all of you know our principal food is rice: it is to us what bread is to you. Fish, sweet potatoes and other vegetables form a considerable part of our diet. Fruit is plentiful throughout the year. Peaches, plums, pears and several kinds of oranges abound in the region of Hingluia. We have no lemons, cherries, nor berries of any kind. Great quantities of oranges, ginger and various kinds of vegetables are preserved in sugar and exported to other parts of China. We have no muskmelons nor beets. Tomatoes are limited to one kind, which, no larger than cherries, are called "snake's eggs." These grow wild and are never used as food.

Bread is not used by the Chinese. Wheat flour is used in making fancy kinds of cakes. Our meats differ very

little from yours. Pork, beef, and goat-flesh, geese, ducks, chickens and fish furnish our animal food. Along the coast there are plenty of good oysters which can be bought at the low price of 3 or 4 cents a pound.

To an American the Chinaman's skilful use of the chopsticks is a most interesting sight. Many suppose that a stick is held in each hand, but in reality the two sticks are held in one hand. They are light and cheap, and in every way as serviceable as your knife and fork. These latter implements never appear on our tables at meal time. When we first saw the missionaries using forks and knives we thought they were fighting each other.

Our table dishes and methods of serving food are so simple that dishwater need not be slopped for an hour after eating in order to clean the dishes for the next meal. Like you we have several small dishes of vegetables, fish, etc., besides a large quantity of rice put into a vessel by itself. Each person puts some of this into a bowl, held in the left hand close to the chin, and with the chopsticks actively engaged in the right hand, the contents stream through the air and disappear. Whenever the vegetables or fish are desired the chopsticks plunge into the common dishes, and drag forth the sought-for morsel. The prevalence of the common dishes and the lack of individual plates enables a Chinese lady to "do" her dishes in a hurry.

Husband, wife and children often eat at the same table. In the villages the people eat their meals generally in different places—some carrying bowls of rice and visiting their neighbours. Suppose you should see Mrs. Smith dropping in about noon, in one hand carrying a bowl of potatoes and in the other a slice of bread! Would you not be astonished? But with us it is a common occurrence. On festive occasions the women do not eat with the men, there being friends present.

The houses of China are generally one-storey high, built of wood, brick, or cement. The roof is made of tiles, but never of shingles. For a floor the poor classes must pound the ground down. The richer classes enjoy brick floors. Wood is rarely used for this purpose. These dwelling-houses have wooden windows—no glass being used among the better class of people. In many places the walls of the dwelling-houses are windowless; the sleeping rooms rarely have windows. In the villages the people keep domestic animals in the houses. Each family usually adopts a goat, pig or cow, and generously shares the room with them. That old song, "They kept the pig in the parlour," applies to the Chinese as well as to the Irish. A visit to a Chinese home will probably find it very rich in a great many fragrant odours, which you will never forget.

Our houses are full of cracks, and poorly suited to our climate, although China is not subjected to sudden extremes of heat or cold. The great variety of weathers which overwhelm this country in unwelcome profusion we know little of. When winter comes it comes at a certain time and stays until spring begins. This regularity of our climatic changes is probably due to our imperial almanac, which marks the sequence of the seasons. In this country, which is democratic, you do as you please largely, and your weather has become contaminated by long association, and likewise does as it pleases. The buds may appear on your trees and then get discouraged by a couple of weeks of cold and snow. In certain latitudes of China the trees leave at the same time; certain insects and bugs appear every year on the same day, and no cold sends them off repenting of their premature coming. And in the northern part of China we are glad that we are surely through with a dismal and uncomfortable cold season.

In the winter we don't have stoves or furnaces for heating purposes; instead, we put on several more layers of clothing. Consequently the coal-man doesn't have us at his mercy during the cold season. We often carry with us, however, a portable furnace, containing embers or coals, with which we warm ourselves from time to time. Your grandmothers used to do the same thing when they went to church years ago. We are always cold in winter. My people have not yet learned

the value of ventilation, and we huddle together in order to keep warm. But some day it will be different. China has immense quantities of coal, and when you are looking over your rubbish piles for the last lump of coal in this country, we will just begin to touch our immense supplies. If we haven't passed an American exclusion act by that time, you may come over to throw out your frozen bones before our glowing fires.

We wash our clothes, for we like to be neat as well as you, but clothing is expensive, so we wash it as little as possible. We have bathing houses, but we rarely go near them. "Do you wash your child every day?" said an inquisitive foreign lady to a Chinese mother, who was seen throwing shovelfuls of dust over her child and then wiping it off with an old broom. "Wash him every day!" was the indignant response; he has never been washed since he was born." The Chinese reverse the motto that "Soap is cheaper than dirt," and say that "Dirt is cheaper than soap," which we must admit contains much truth, especially in China, the land of economy. We must sacrifice soap and most American necessities in order to make our small wages cover our daily expenses. And you will not wonder that economy is reduced to such a perfect system when I tell you what our wages are, and of the great contest among the sixteen kingdoms at the downfall of the Tsin dynasty when China was temporarily divided. My people are never roused by the possibility of benefits which a change of government might mean; they never feel thrilled by a desire—burning and enduring—to keep their country from partition among the powers. For them the mastery is fixed and they live apart from it.

Many have asked, how can the land support so many people? The answer lies in the temperature, fertility and kinds of food required by my people. The climate and soil admit of two and sometimes three crops to be grown on the same land in one year. Our diet is simple. Vegetables, grains and fish are our principal foods. Many ponds and canals have been made for the purpose of raising fish. Foods of all kinds do not cost as much as they do in this country. Rice at 2 cts. a pound, beef 3 cts., eggs 5 cts. a dozen would cause any housewife in this country to believe that she was in a heavenly dream.

Carpenters and masons receive from twenty to thirty cents per day, and must board themselves. Men and women who do coarse work in the fields and house-servants earn four or five dollars a month. School-teachers get from 60 to 80 dollars a year. As in this country school-teachers are very much over-paid. Poor women who have small feet must engage in some indoor employment. Many of them are employed by needle manufacturers to drill, polish, file and sharpen needles. Others take in needlework from clothing stores. Some make paper money for a living, selling it to the idol-worshippers. The wages which women receive for work done at home vary largely, owing to different degrees of skill and speed—from five to ten cents per day. What part of this they can't spend, they barrel up and stow away in the cellar.

The farming of China is of two kinds: garden and field farming. Garden-farming is carried on in the sandy places and near the hill-sides and valleys. Field-farming is in the swampy places and near the canals and brooks. These are only patches, usually containing three acres. We have no large farms such as are found in America.

In the springtime the farmers burn lime for fertilizer. They use bone, soot and ashes ground to powder, which are claimed to be very valuable. The principal fertilizer, however, is one usually overlooked in this country. Your barbers destroy their clippings, but in my country the hair shaved from the heads and chins of the millions of Chinamen is carefully collected and sold to the farmers. This makes our land so fertile that we can almost raise paint brushes and hair mattresses.

Rice is planted early in the spring. The farmer changes the water until the little sprouts appear. Now he takes them up and dries them in the sunshine. The rice is now ready for planting in the field. When the stem has shot up half-way to the knees the farmer pulls it up by the roots and a second transplanting finds it arranged in

hills in other fields. Now the drought comes. There must be irrigation, so all members of the family lend a hand in bringing the water over the fields.

Later in the spring the farmer plants peanuts, beans, wheat and sweet-potatoes. Sometimes the ground is dug by hand. If the field is large enough it is plowed with the unequal yoke of an ass and ox. In many rude country places the farmer cannot afford to raise cattle for ploughing his field. His wife is accordingly harnessed and the field is tilled. We found, you see, the horseless plow long before it was used on your western prairies, though we have not applied steam to it as yet.

Like all nations we have our own peculiar customs. We are on the opposite side of the world from you, and small wonder is it that our manners and usages are totally unlike yours. Perhaps in many instances you will admit that our customs are more sensible than yours—that we are practical and economical. A clever traveller, who has spent a month or two will tell amidst the laughter of his audience how the Chinaman wears a long pig-tail hanging from the crown of his head; how he puts his chief guest on his left hand, the place of honour; how he actually writes from right to left and in lines running from top to bottom, and begins to read from the wrong end of a book; that he orders his servant to whiten his shoes, and wears white for mourning; that a dutiful son presents his father with a handsome coffin as a birthday present.

How must American customs appear to us? They are equally as funny. You cut off your hair just as our monks do. The ladies like our Chinamen wear long cloaks; they bind their waist as if they were hungry. Sometime ago I remember a Chinese woman talked with an American lady about the private life in America. "Why do you women wear long garments like my husband?" and "what is the cost of your garment?" The lady missionary replied, "We American ladies always wear long garments; it is the style. Most of us work in the house and not on the farm." The Chinese woman then asked, "Why do you women bind your waists so small? Are you hungry or are you sick? I sometimes wonder that you warn us against our foot-binding custom and you do not think about binding your waist so small. Does it hurt you very much?" The missionary hesitated in answering her. Then she went on, saying that "our house is very poor, very dirty; yours is very clean." Again she began with her questions: "How old are you?" "How long have you been in China?" "Why do you women have no black eyes and hairs?" "Have they faded out?" And her questions knew no limit.

So you see American customs are curious to the Chinese. You think a Chinaman is peculiar because he does not trim his finger nails. This is only one way of showing that he is an honourable gentleman. Our cue is our national mode of hair-dressing. Sometimes a cue is not long enough to suit the owner. False hair is then employed to make it longer and prettier. We do not call this addition a switch, and a lot of course, couldn't be worn that way. Once my hair came out after I had typhoid fever and I used a cue—a false one, very long and of course very pretty. I am very glad that I do not use one now—it is a continual nuisance.

Many have asked me if I can go back without a cue. In former days there was a law forbidding the cutting of cues, but the law is no longer in force. The custom of wearing cues was not due to superstition, but rather to the fact that we were defeated by Tartars. It was not a Chinese fashion originally. The first emperor of the present dynasty who began to reign in 1644, having usurped the Dragon Throne, determined to make the tonsure of Manchuria, his native country, the sign and proof of the submission of the Chinese people to his authority. He therefore ordered them to shave all of the head except a circular portion on the crown four or five inches in diameter. From that time until quite recently the Chinamen were compelled to wear cues. To keep his toilet up-to-date, so to speak, a cue-wearing Chinaman must shave his head once in every ten or fifteen days. The literary man shaves his head oftener.

(To be continued.)

WOMEN, CHARITY AND THE LAND.

AS women are every day taking a more active part in public affairs, the question of how to deal with poverty without the evils and hopeless insufficiency of charity comes home to them.

Unless they know how to secure to every man and woman an opportunity to work, without disturbing legitimate business, they are no better equipped to deal with the situation than the men are.

An "opportunity to work" does not mean sawing wood or selling books for a meal or a night's lodging. It means a chance for men and women to earn a living by the occupation one is best fitted to follow. It means, in short, being ensured liberty and the pursuit of happiness, for no other means than someone's labour has yet been discovered to ensure these things.

All natural opportunities of getting wages originate in the land, and are of value only as labour is applied to them. Henry George claims that the Single Tax on Land Values will secure an opportunity to earn a living for every man and woman without disturbing trade and commerce. That as a result poverty will disappear and with it will go the need of charity.

Voters are legislators, though they never serve in the Assemblies, and it is certainly the duty of every legislator to know whether poverty and unemployment may be destroyed and whether any system of taxation could effect this change. That is why every prospective voter should make a careful study of the Single Tax as part of her preparation for intelligent voting.

At present, few women have anything better to offer than more and better organised charities. But in many cases at least, instead of preventing poverty and reckless waste, organised charity has increased it. Charity is a palliative designed to sustain the *status quo* in our social institutions, for, on account of the last resort furnished by charity, women especially are induced to tolerate the conditions to which we have brought Society.

The time is past when, as Professor Warner has said, "Charity was a method of saving one's soul, a sort of fire insurance against the contingencies of the future life;" that is only because so many have ceased to believe in the fire. It is now insurance of another kind—insurance against social tornadoes. But for charity men would long ago have swept away the whole order of things as it now exists. That is the only logical excuse for the socialistic State aid to charities; for no real distinction can be shown between giving free corn and free amusements, free education and free surgical help, or free shelter.

What would be the effect upon the people of our great cities, especially upon sympathetic women, if on some bitter morning fifty people should be found frozen to death on the park benches? The public mind would be shocked out of tolerating the blessings of things as they are; yet many of the poor of this great city go where they had better be frozen to death. Our police lodging-houses save the body but destroy the soul. A well organised Charity Society would have prevented the French Revolution. Charity Organisations have done one good thing for us: they have collected statistics and discredited the old claim that the main cause of poverty is drunkenness. It is the other way—the main cause of drunkenness is the unnatural conditions of poverty and wealth. They have also shown conclusively that the cause of poverty is not laziness; one-third of those who apply for assistance to our Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor need no help, but an opportunity to work. When the Pilgrim Fathers came to this country they brought little and found nothing here—but land. Suppose someone had submitted to them that he was out of work; those austere toilers would have laughed at him. They would have said: "Cut up that wood; dig out those stones; spade that field." As long as men can get the land there is no lack of work, and to supply the wants of those who work the land gives employment to all others.

But we allow individuals to monopolise the land. This is the cause of poverty and charity.

What are we going to do about it? Divide the land anew? That would do no good. The sensible and natural course is where anyone has a monopoly of any kind, let him pay to the rest of the community its reasonable value; as in law, when property is divided among heirs, if one takes all the land, he pays the others who take none. What we need is access to the land. Make it unprofitable to hold natural opportunities without using them. Tax land and other natural monopolies up to their full rental value, and as they increase in value let the taxes increase proportionately; then it won't pay to hold land idle "for a rise," and speculation in land will cease.

If we destroy speculation in land, and remove the artificial barriers from the places to work, and cease to fine men for working by taxing wealth, it will be as absurd for a man to be "out of work" as it would be for him to be out of air. Idle lands mean idle hands, and it will not alter that fact to comfort ourselves with the wicked perversion of the words of Jesus that the "Poor we shall have always with us."

We shall have the poor with us just as long as we create them. When the boundless opportunities of Nature for employment are thrown open so that men can employ themselves, if only in the simple ways that Adam and Robinson Crusoe employed themselves, then, again in the Scriptural words, "There shall be no more poor."

That is the faith that inspired the New Man and the New Woman to work for true reform.

Miss Julia A. Kellogg has re-introduced us to Patrick Edward Dove's "Human Progression" in an abridgment. This book, by a Scotchman, anticipates Henry George's theory by a generation, and those who have not been able to accept Henry George's Single Tax will be interested in a woman's account of the taxation of land values in a readable form.

BOLTON HALL.

DAMAGED GOODS.*

THE publication of M. Brioux's "Damaged Goods" in a paper cover at a shilling certainly marks a stage in the curious history of English puritanism. It seems from the preface which Mrs. Bernard Shaw gives to this edition that a few years ago, when this play was first translated, and before M. Brioux had been elected to the Academy, no publisher in London or New York would soil his spotless fame by publishing the work. But presently M. Brioux became a member of the French Academy. Then the difficulty disappeared. The sight of the braided coat of the Academician put courage into the trembling hearts of the timid publishers, and the book was issued in London and in New York. But that was the expensive volume including two more plays. Now Balham has its "Damaged Goods" for a shilling. I hope Balham will be all the better for it. Perhaps the members of that respectable suburb will buy copies darkly at dead of night as it were (like the lady—poor dear—who asked for a copy at a booksellers, but requested that it be well wrapped up as it wasn't the kind of thing to be seen with!), or perhaps young Balham will buy its copies and flaunt the modest cover before its fellow tram passengers and feel ever so "advanced." Anyway, the sensation of the publication will not last long.

If for some strange whim it became highly improper ever to mention influenza (say), then a play in which the author had the audacity to mention influenza would have some importance until influenza came to be mentioned daily as a matter of course whenever necessary. Then, unless the play had some other claim to immortality it would sink into oblivion. So M. Brioux's play. We honour M. Brioux just at present for daring to write

a play about syphilis—though I imagine the daring is not so splendid in his country as it seems here, for, some years ago, I bought a copy of "Les Avariés" (Damaged Goods) in a penny edition, which was sold me without blushes by a small newsagent in Brest—but when we come to talk of syphilis sensibly I imagine we shall forget the play.

For plays, after all, like all works of art, are concerned with the soul of man. This is a play of the body and not of the soul.

Probably M. Brioux knows this, and would say that he wrote his play with a purpose, and that with the accomplishment of that purpose its task is done. If so, all honour to him. He is, however, from that point of view, a little unfortunate in his English sponsors. The preface to this shilling edition contains a quotation from a speech by Mr. Bernard Shaw, in which he says that "Europe has to-day a Sophocles in the person of Eugene Brioux," and goes on to discover similarities between "Damaged Goods" and "Œdipus Rex." In much the same way did Samuel Butler compare Frost's "Lives of Eminent Christians" with Wordsworth's "Lucy." But Butler begins with a confession "that I do not see the resemblance here at the present, but if I try to develop my perception I shall doubtless ere long find a remarkably striking one!" What a pity Mr. Shaw did not allow himself to be even more indebted to Butler to whom he confesses already to owe so much!

Certainly "Damaged Goods" develops steadily and tragically (if rather melodramatically) for two acts, though without regard to that best beloved of Attic tragedy: unity of time. But fancy a Sophoclean drama in which a good third (Act 3) consisted of a long moralising on the part of Chorus (all the principals being banished from the stage and forgotten), the leader calling members of his troupe to give evidence on behalf of his pet theory, none but convenient answers being allowed!

But let us hope that the shilling public will buy the shilling edition and profit by it. It is in their ranks that the ignorance is—let us hope they will avail themselves of this shillingsworth of enlightenment.

Fortunately the people of England, like the people of any country (I mean, of course, the poor people), do not need it. They have never had any part in the conspiracy for the suppression of certain subjects. They have always wisely insisted in discussing everything with perfect unconcern. So they may keep their shillings, of which, God knows, they have sufficient need.

MAURICE WEBB.

EDITORIAL.

Letters, &c., intended for the Editor should be addressed to Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.

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* A Play by Brioux. Translated by John Pollock, with a Preface by Bernard Shaw and a foreword by Mrs. Bernard Shaw. Wrappers. Fifield, 1s. net.

A SOUND OF BLEATING.

AFTER an abstinence of many months I have ventured to read three Suffragist papers at a sitting. I am left with the sound as of a bleating of sheep in my ears. Bleat, bleat, BLEAT, it has got on to my nerves. Bleat, bleat, BLEAT, I will give it to THE EGOIST to get rid of it. . . . And some of it is too choice to be lost.

Take first, as a representative effort, this from "The Common Cause" (August 28th), the organ of the non-militant National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies:—

"AMERICAN SUFFRAGISTS APPEAL TO WOMEN OF THE WORLD TO DEMAND PEACE.

"The cloud of a great international war darkens all Europe, and the shadow of the conflict hangs over all the nations of the world, ensuring disaster to all people and the turning back of civilisation for a century to come.

"During the past hundred years women have given their toil not only to motherhood and the cares of family life, but also to the building up of the great industries of every country. They have devoted thought and energy and have made great sacrifices to develop education and establish reforms for the betterment of humanity. Hundreds of thousands have sacrificed their lives to the life-giving vocation of motherhood. Yet, without one thought of the sufferings and sacrifices of mothers who have reared sons, or of the tremendous burdens that war will impose on women, who will have to do their own work and the work of the men called to the field of battle; without consideration of the little children who will have to be taken from school or from play for industrial toil, thus wantonly imposed on them by the Government whose duty it is to protect and shield them; this curse of a mediæval war is thrust upon those whose will and wish have not been consulted.

"Is it that hundreds of thousands of their sons may go down to death before the terrible machinery of modern war that the nations call upon women to give their youth, their years of toil and their labour for a higher civilisation? Have they reared sons only to become prey to the ambition of Kings and exploiters? Shall the strongest and noblest of the races of men be sacrificed and only the weak and maimed left to perpetuate mankind?

"The Suffragists of the United States call upon the women of the world to rise in protest against this unspeakable wrong and to show war crazed men that between the contending armies there stand thousands of women and children who are the innocent victims of men's unbridled ambitions; that under the heels of each advancing army are crushed the lives, the hopes, the happiness of countless women whose rights have been ignored, whose homes have been blighted, and whose honor will be sacrificed if this unholy war does not cease, and reason and justice take the place of hate, revenge, and greed. This is not a national issue; it involves all humanity.

"Let the women of every nation involved in the war make their men understand that the highest patriotism lies in conserving life, wealth, and energy; and that the war means not conservatism, but destruction of all that is best in civilisation.

"A copy of this appeal has been sent by the officers of the National American Woman Suffrage Association to the organised Suffragists of twenty-six countries."

As an example of confused thinking and woman-the-martyr feeling, that is rather good, and needs no further comment.

* * * *

Then "Votes for Women" with its headlines—THE WOMAN PAYS.—WAR STRIKING AT THE HOME.—CHILDREN AFFECTED.—WOMEN OUT OF WORK. "While women remain unrecognised as citizens, though their efforts on behalf of their country at this time of crisis are untiring, many men . . . are now being added to the register. We refer to those foreigners resident

among us who . . . have become naturalised Britons rather than return to their country at this juncture. While British women are passed over as unfit to exercise the vote these strangers of alien birth will have a voice in controlling the affairs of the nation and the Empire,"—will, I take it, be asked whether the war is, or is not, to continue. "The position of non-combatants is sad enough owing to lack of employment, etc., but the price that the women are called upon to pay in countries that are actually the scene of war is intolerable in an age that boasts of its civilisation, culture and humanity." "We dissent entirely from a writer in the 'London Mail' who says that the war 'may teach the Suffragists the powerlessness of the vote in great issues.' . . . The failure of the country to achieve anything in any issue under a male suffrage does not prove the powerlessness of the vote, but merely the powerlessness of men's votes unaided by women's." Suffragists are nothing if not ingenious. "We have felt compelled, even at this solemn moment of our country's history, to draw attention to the artificial view taken in some quarters of the woman's share in that suffering whose grim shadow is already falling upon us. We hold it to be our duty to guard the honour and the status of women at all times, whether in peace or war; and we consider that it is in the best interests of the State that we should do so now, since the recognition of woman's true place and position is never so important as when the State is in urgent need of the help of its daughters as well as its sons."

"It rejoices us to know that although the war is none of their" (women's) "making (since the voteless can have no responsibility in the matter) they are as fully determined as the men to see the thing through, whatever the consequences to themselves." "As Suffragists it is our business to point out and to emphasise the fact that the suffering of war, which falls on every member of the community from the gallant soldier at the front to the starved baby in the tenement, pierces with peculiar poignancy the hearts of those who are powerless to make or unmake wars, the women who, whatever they give or do or endure for their country's sake, are still left knocking vainly at the door of the nation's council chamber. War without the consent of those whom it ravages is a tyranny even more intolerable than mere government without consent."

* * * *

I am contemplating the formation of a Society—membership to be open to all "right-minded" men and women—for the Suppression of all Sudden and Widespread Calamities. We shall abolish storms, floods, fires, earthquakes, human, vegetable and mineral nature. We shall fall down and pray to the hills not to cover us, to the waters not to engulf us. We shall pass resolutions determining that *there must be no more such disasters*. It is monstrous, these earthquakes, this burying alive of thousands of innocent—think of it, *innocent*—women, and helpless little children. You say that men suffer, may be get buried too? But then, *did not they build the houses?* Men build houses, and women get buried in them. Is it fair? Women of the world, I say, why let these things happen to your sisters? Get the vote and all will be well. That is what is wanted, to cure all ills—THE VOTE, for ever and ever, world without end, Amen.

JOSEPHINE WRIGHT.

THE SONG OF THE SOCK.

Stitch, stitch, stitch!
The women are there in a flock,
"You do the leg and I'll do the foot
Let's all be useful though we can't shoot."
And they sang the song of the sock.

For when by war their country's hit
English ladies always knit.

(With apologies to THOMAS HOOD and one unknown).

J. W.

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